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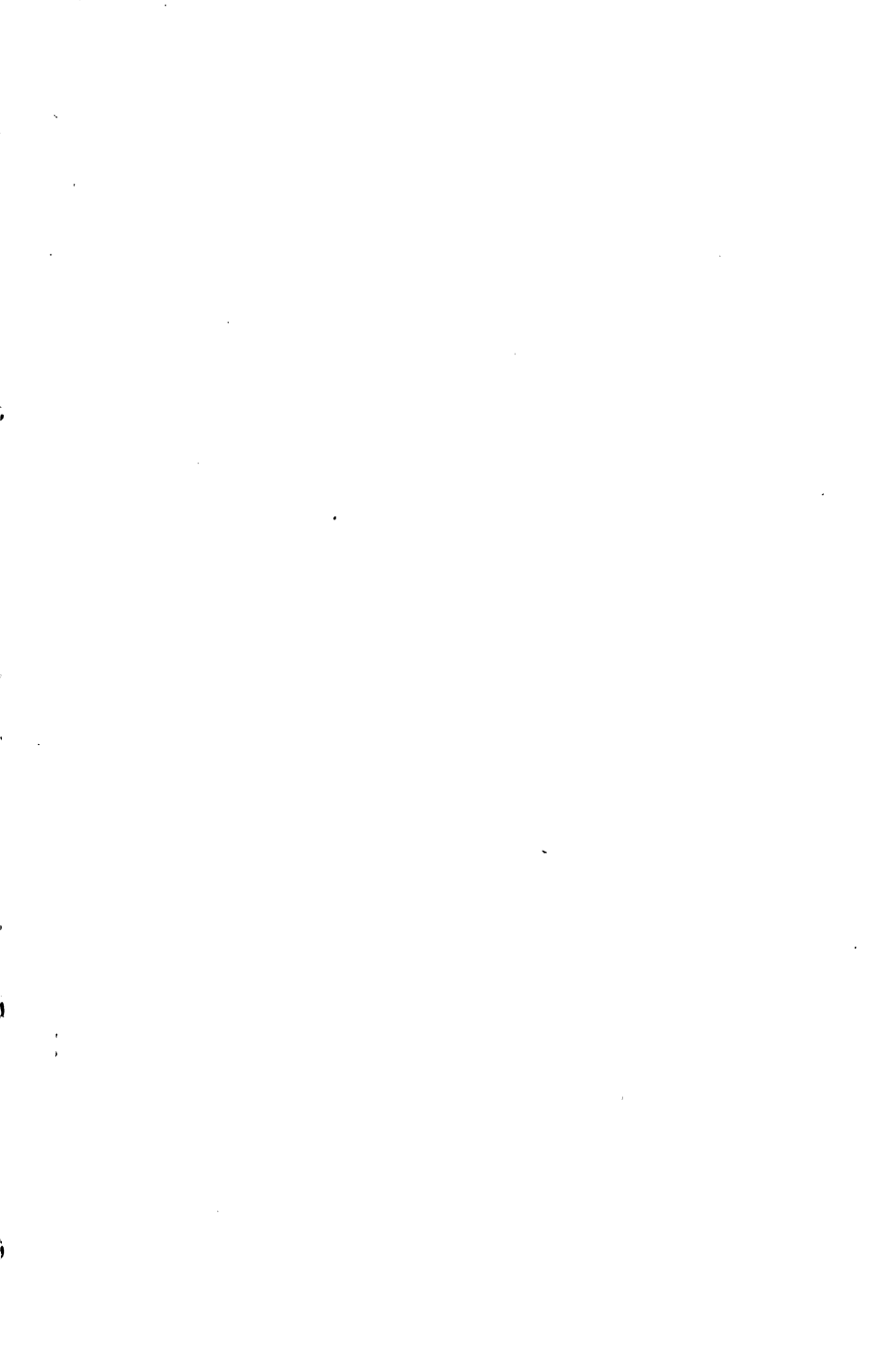
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ANTIGONE

A TRAGEDY BY SOPHOCLES

FIVE MALES AND THREE FEMALES



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ANTIGONE.

A TRAGEDY BY SOPHOCLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CREON, King of Thebes.

HÆMON, son of Creon.

TIRESIAS, a prophet.

EURIDICE, wife of Creon.

ANTIGONE, daughter of Œdipus.

ISMENE, sister of Antigone.

MESSENGER, GUARD, SERVANT, and ATTENDANTS.

CHORUS, composed of ancient men of Thebes.

ACT I.

ANTIGONE, ISMENE.

ANTIGONE. O my dear sister, my best-beloved Ismene!
Is there an evil, by the wrath of Jove
Reserved for Œdipus' unhappy race
We have felt not already? Sorrow and shame,
And bitterness and anguish, all that's sad,
All that's distressful, hath been ours; and now
This dreadful edict from the tyrant comes
To double our misfortunes. Hast thou heard
What harsh commands he hath imposed on all?
Or art thou still to know what future ills
Our foes have yet in store to make us wretched?

ISMENE. Since that unhappy day, Antigone,
When by each other's hand our brothers fell,
And Greece dismissed her armies, I have heard
Nought that could give joy or grief to me.

ANT. I thought thou wert a stranger to the tidings;
And therefore called thee forth, that here alone
I might impart them to thee.

IS. O! what are they?
For something dreadful labors in thy breast.

ANT. Know, then, from Creon, our indulgent lord,
Our hapless brothers met a different fate;
To honor one, and one to infamy,
He hath consigned! With funeral rites he graced
The body of our dear Eteocles,
While Polynices' wretched carcass he,
Unburied, unlamented, left exposed,
A feast for hungry vultures on the plain!
No pitying friend will dare to violate
The tyrant's harsh command, for public death
Awaits the offender! Creon comes himself
To tell us of it, such is our condition.
This is the crisis, this the hour, Ismene,
That must declare thee worthy of thy birth,
Or show thee mean, base, and degenerate.

IS. What wouldst thou have me do?
Defy his power? Contemn the laws?

ANT. To act with me, or not; consider, and resolve.

IS. What daring deed wouldst thou attempt? What is it?
Speak!

ANT. To join and take the body, my Ismene.

IS. Ha! and wouldst thou dare to bury it, when thus we are
forbidden?

ANT. Ay, to bury him; he is my brother, and thine, too,
Ismene!

Therefore, consent or not, I have determined
I'll not disgrace my birth.

IS. Hath not the king pronounced it death to all?

ANT. He hath no right, no power to keep me from my
own.

Is. Alas! Remember our unhappy father's fate;
 His eyes torn out by his own fatal hand,
 Oppressed with shame and infamy, he died;
 His wife self-devoted, fell;
 And last, in one sad day, Eteocles
 And Polynices, by each other slain.
 Left as we are, deserted and forlorn,
 What from our disobedience can we hope
 But misery and ruin? Poor, weak women,
 Helpless, nor formed by nature to contend
 With powerful man; we are his subjects, too.
 Therefore to this, and worse than this, my sister, we must submit;
 Since to attempt what we can never hope
 To execute, is folly all, and madness.

Ant. Wert thou to proffer what I do not ask,
 Thy poor assistance, I would scorn it now.
 Act as thou wilt; I'll bury him myself;
 Let me perform but that, and death is welcome.
 I'll do the pious deed, and lay me down
 By my dear brother; loving and beloved, we'll rest together.

Is. Alas! I tremble for thee.

Ant. Tremble for thyself, and not for me.

Is. O! do not tell thy purpose;
 I beg thee, do not! I shall ne'er betray thee.

Ant. I'd have it known; and I shall hate thee more
 For thy concealment, than if, loud to all,
 Thou wouldst proclaim the deed.

Is. Thou hast a heart for daring, and ill-suited to thy fate

Ant. I know my duty, and I'll pay it there
 Where 'twill be best accepted.

Is. Couldst thou do it; but 'tis not in thy power.

Ant. When I know that, it will be time enough to quit my
 purpose.

Is. It cannot be; 'tis folly to attempt it.

ANT. Go on, and I shall hate thee! Our dear brother,
He, too, shall hate thee as his bitterest foe.
Go! leave me here to suffer for my rashness.

IS. Then farewell, since thou wilt have it so, and know,
Ismene
Pities thy weakness, but admires thy virtue. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

CREON, CHORUS.

CREON. At length, our empire, shook by civil broils,
The gods to peace and safety have restored.
Wherefore, my friends, you had our late request
That you should meet us here; for well I know
Your firm allegiance to great Laius, next
To Œdipus, and his unhappy sons.
These by each other's hand untimely slain,
To me the sceptre doth of right descend,
As next in blood. Never can man be known.
His mind, his will, his passion ne'er appear,
Till power and office call them forth; for me,
'Tis my firm thought, and I have held it ever,
That he who rules, and doth not follow that
Which wisdom counsels, but, restrained by fear,
Shuts up his lips, must be the worst of men;
Nor do I deem him worthy, who prefers
A friend, how dear soever, to his country.
Should I behold (witness, all-seeing Jove!)
This city wronged I never would be silent;
Never would make the foe of Thebes my friend,
For on her safety must depend our own,
And if she flourish, we can never want
Assistance or support. Thus would I act;
And therefore have I sent my edict forth
Touching the sons of Œdipus, commanding

That they should bury him who nobly fought
And died for Thebes—the good Eteocles,
Gracing his memory with each honor due
To the illustrious dead. For Polynices—
Abandoned exile, for a brother's blood
Thirsting insatiate; he who would in flames
Have wasted all, his country and his gods,
And made you slaves,—I have decreed he lie
Unburied, his vile carcass to the birds and hungry dogs a prey.

CHORUS. Son of Menœceus! 'twas thy great behest
Thus to reward them both; thine is the power
O'er all supreme, the living and the dead.

CREON. Be careful, then, my orders are obeyed.

CHO. O sir, to younger hands commit the task.

CREON. I have appointed some to watch the body.

CHO. What, then, remains for us?

CREON. To see that none, by your connivance, violate the law.

CHO. Scarce will the man be found so fond of death as to attempt it.

CREON. Death is the reward of him who dares it.

[*Enter MESSENGER.*]

MESSENGER. O King, I cannot boast that, hither sent,
I came with speed, for oft my troubled thoughts
Have driven me back; oft to myself I said,
Why dost thou seek destruction?
With doubts like these oppressed, slowly I came,
And the short way seemed like a tedious journey.
At length I come, resolved to tell thee all;
Whate'er the event I must submit to fate.

CREON. Whence are thy fears, and why this hesitation?

MES. First, for myself, I merit not thy wrath;
It was not I, nor have I seen the man who did the guilty deed.

CREON. Something of weight thou hast to impart, by this
Unusual care to guard thee from our anger.
Speak, thou hast thy pardon.

MES. The body of Polynices, some rash hand
Hath buried, scattered o'er his corpse the dust,
And funeral rites performed.

CREON. Who dared do this?

MES. 'Tis yet unknown; no mark of instrument
Is left behind; the earth still level all,
Nor worn by track of chariot-wheel. The guards,
Who watched that day, call it a miracle.
No tomb was raised; light lay the scattered earth,
As only meant to avoid the unmerited curse;
Nor could we trace the steps of dog or beast
Passing that way. Instant a tumult rose.
The guards accused each other; naught was proved,
But each suspected each, and all denied,
Offering, in proof of innocence, to grasp
The burning steel, to walk through fire, and take
Their solemn oath they knew not of the deed.
At length, one mightier than the rest proposed
(Nor could we think of better means) that all
Should be to thee discovered; 'twas my lot
To bring the unwelcome tidings; and I come
To pour my news, unwilling, into ears
Unwilling to receive it; for I know
None ever loved the messenger of ill.

CREON. To me it seems as if the hand of heaven were in the
deed.

CREON. Be silent, ere my rage,
Thou rash old man, pronounce thee fool and dotard.
Horrid suggestion! Think'st thou, then, the gods
Take care of men like these? Would they preserve
Or honor him who came to burn their altars,
Profane their rights, and trample on their laws?
Will they reward the bad? It cannot be.
But well I know, the murmuring citizens
Brooked not our mandate, shook their heads in secret,

And, ill-affected to me, would not stoop
 Their haughty crests, or bend beneath my yoke ;
 By hire corrupted, some of these have dared the venturous deed.
 The wretch corrupted for this hateful purpose
 Must one day suffer ; for, observe me well,
 As I revere that power by whom I swear,
 Almighty Jove, if you conceal him from me,
 If to my eyes you do not bring the traitor,
 Know, death itself shall not suffice to glut
 My vengeance. Living shall you hang in torments
 Till you confess, till you have learned from me
 There is a prophet not to be desired,
 And own dishonest gains have ruined more than they have saved.

MES. O King ! may I depart, or wait thy further orders ?

CREON. Know'st thou not thy speech is hateful ? Hence !

MES. Wherefore, my lord ?

CREON. Know you not why ?

MES. I but offend your ear ;

They who have done the deed afflict your soul.

CREON. Away ! thy talk but makes thy guilt appear.

MES. My lord, I did not know it.

CREON. Thou hast sold thy life for gain.

MES. 'Tis cruel to suspect me.

CREON. Thou talk'st it bravely ; but remember all :

Unless you do produce him, you shall find

The miseries which on ill-got wealth await. [*Exit CREON.*]

MES. Would he were found ! That must we leave to fate.

Be it as it may, I never will return,

Thus safe, thanks to the gods who have preserved me.

[*Enter ANTIGONE and GUARD.*]

GUARD. Behold the woman who hath done the deed !

In the very act of burial we surprised her. Where is the King ?

CHO. Returned as we could wish ; ev'n now he comes this way.

[*Enter CREON.*]

CREON. Whom have we here ? Doth Justice smile on us ?

GUARD. Oh, my lord,

Never should man too confident assert,
Much less by oath should bind himself to aught,
For soon our judgments change, and one
Destroys another. By thy threats alarmed,
Bound by that duty which we owe to thee
And to our country, we bring here this virgin ;
Whom, as she sprinkled o'er her brother's dust
The varied wreath, we seized. The willing task
Was mine, nor was of late my lot determined.
Receive her, then, O King ! Judge and condemn
The guilty as it best becomes thy wisdom ;
Henceforth we stand acquitted.

CREON. But say, how, where, didst thou find her ?

GUARD. To say all, 'twas she who buried Polynices.

CREON. Art thou sure ?

GUARD. These eyes beheld her.

CREON. But say, how discovered.

GUARD. All mindful of thy wrath, with careful hands,
From off the putrid carcass we removed
The scattered dust ; then to a hill retired ;
There watched at distance till the midday sun
Scorched o'er our heads. Sudden a storm arose,
Shook every leaf and rattled through the grove,
Filling the troubled element. We closed
Our eyes, and patient bore the wrath of heaven.
At length the tempest ceased ; when we beheld
This virgin issuing forth, and heard her cries
Distressful, like the plaintive bird who views
The plundered nest and mourns her ravished young.
Ev'n thus the maid, when on the naked corse
She cast her eyes, loud shrieked, and cursed the hand
That did the impious deed ; then sprinkled o'er
The crumbled earth ; and from a brazen urn

Of richest work, to the loved relics thrice
Her due libations poured. We saw, and straight
Pursued her; unappalled she seemed, and still,
As we did question her, confessed it all.
It pleased, and yet methought it grieved me, too.
To find ourselves released from woe is bliss
Supreme; but thus to see our friends unhappy,
Imbitters all. I must be thankful still
For my own safety, which I hold most dear.

CREON, Speak, thou who bend'st to earth thy drooping head!
Dost thou deny the fact?

ANT. Deny it? No!

CREON [*to GUARD*]. Retire, for thou art free; and now [*turns to ANTIGONE*]

Be brief and tell me, heard'st thou our decree?

ANT. I did. 'Twas public; how could I avoid it?

CREON. And dar'st thou, then, to disobey the law?

ANT. Shall man persuade me to violate
Heaven's great commands, and make the gods my foes?
Without thy mandate, death had one day come,
For who shall 'scape it? And if now I fall
A little sooner, 'tis the thing I wish.
To thou, who live in misery like me,
Believe me, King, 'tis happiness to die;
Without remorse I shall embrace my fate.
But to my brother had I left my rites
Of sepulture unpaid, I then, indeed,
Had been most wretched. This to thee may seem
Madness and folly; if it be, 'tis fit
I should act thus; it but resembles thee.

CREON. Sprung from a sire perverse and obstinate,
Like him, she cannot bend beneath misfortune.
But know, the proudest hearts may be subdued.
'Tis not for slaves to be so haughty; yet
This proud offender, not content, it seems,

To violate my laws, adds crime to crime,
 Smiles at my threats, and glories in her guilt.
 If I should suffer her to 'scape my vengeance,
 She were the man, not I. But though she sprang
 Ev'n from my sister; were I bound to her
 By ties more dear than is Hercæan Jove,
 She should not 'scape. Her sister, too, I find
 Accomplice in the deed. Go, call her forth! [*Turns to attendants.*]
 She is within; I saw her raving there,
 Her senses lost; the common fate of those
 Who practice dark and deadly wickedness. [*Turns to Antigone.*]
 I cannot bear to see the guilty stand
 Convicted of their crimes, and yet pretend
 To gloss them o'er with specious names of virtue.

ANT. I am thy captive; thou wouldst have my life;
 Will that content thee?

CREON. Yes; 'tis all I wish.

ANT. Why this delay, then, when thou know'st my words
 To thee as hateful are as thine to me?
 Therefore dispatch; I cannot live to do
 A deed more glorious; and so these would all [*pointing to CHORUS*]
 Confess, were not their tongues restrained by fear.
 It is the tyrant's privilege, I know,
 To speak and act whate'er he please, uncensured.

CREON. Lives there another in the land of Thebes,
 Who think'st as thou dost?

ANT. Yes, a thousand; these,
 These think so too, but dare not utter it.

CREON. Dost thou not blush?

ANT. For what? Why blush to pay a sister's duty?

CREON. But Eteocles, say, was not he thy brother, too?

ANT. He was.

CREON. Why, then, thus reverence him who least deserved it?

ANT. Perhaps that brother thinks not so.

CREON. He must, if thou pay'st equal honor to them both.

ANT. He was a brother, not a slave.

CREON. One fought against that country which the other saved.

ANT. But death the rites of sepulture decrees to both.

CREON. What! reverence alike the guilty and the innocent?

ANT. Perhaps the gods below esteem it just.

CREON. A foe, though dead, should as a foe be treated still.

ANT. My love shall go with them, but not my hate.

CREON. Go, then, and love them in the tomb; but know,
No woman rules in Thebes while Creon lives.

CHO. Lo! at the portal stands fair Ismene;
Tears in her lovely eyes, a cloud of grief
Sits on her brow, wetting her beauteous cheek
With pious sorrow for a sister's fate.

[*Enter ISMENE.*]

CREON. Come forth, thou serpent! Little did I think
That I had nourished two such deadly foes,
To suck my blood, and cast me from my throne.
What say'st thou? Wert thou accomplice in the deed,
Or wilt thou swear that thou art innocent?

IS. I do acknowledge it, if she permit me;
I was accomplice, and the crime was mine.

ANT. 'Tis false! Thou didst refuse, nor would I hold
Communion with thee.

IS. But in thy misfortunes let me partake, my sister;
Let me be a fellow-sufferer with thee.

ANT. Witness, Death, and ye infernal gods! to which belongs
The great, the glorious deed? I do not love
These friends in word alone.

IS. Antigone! do not despise me; I but ask to die
With thee, and pay due honors to the dead.

ANT. Pretend not to a merit thou hast not.
Live thou; it is enough for me to die.

IS. But what is life without thee?

ANT. Ask thy friend and patron there. [*Points to CREON.*]

Is. Why that unkind reproach,
When thou shouldst rather comfort me?

ANT. Alas! It gives me pain when I am forced
To speak so bitterly against thee here.

Is. Is there aught that I can do to save thee?

ANT. Save thyself; I shall not envy thee.

Is. And will you not permit me, then, to share your fate?

ANT. Thy choice was life; 'tis mine to die.

Is. I told thee oft it would be so.

ANT. Thou didst; and was't not well thus to fulfil thy
prophecy?

Is. The crime was mutual, mutual be the punishment.

ANT. Fear not, thy life is safe; but mine long since
Devoted to the dead.

CREON. Both seem deprived of reason; one, indeed, was ever
thus.

Is. O King! the mind doth seldom keep her seat
When sunk beneath misfortunes.

CREON. Sunk, indeed, thou wert in wretchedness to be one
with her.

Is. But what is life without Antigone?

CREON. Then think not of it; for she is no more.

Is. Wouldst thou destroy thy son's long destined wife?

CREON. Oh, we shall find a fitter bride.

Is. Alas! he will not think so.

CREON. I'll not wed my son to so base a woman.

ANT. O my dearest Hæmon! and is it thus thy father doth
disgrace thee?

CREON. Such an alliance were as hateful to me as is thyself.

Is. Wilt thou, then, take her from him?

CREON. Their nuptials shall be finishèd by death.

So must you and I, therefore, no more delay. Go! take them
hence;

Confine them both. Henceforth they shall not stir;

When death is near at hand the harvest flies. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

CREON, HÆMON, CHORUS.

CHORUS. Behold, O King ! thy youngest hope appear,
The noble Hæmon ; lost in grief he seems,
Weeping the fate of poor Antigone.

CREON. He comes, and, better than a prophet, soon
Shall we divine his inmost thoughts. My son,
Com'st thou, well knowing our decree, to mourn
Thy promised bride, and angry to dispute
A father's will ? Or, whatsoe'er we do
Still to hold best, and pay obedience to us ?

HÆMON. My father, I am thine ; do thou command,
And I in all things shall obey. 'Tis fit
My promised nuptial rites give place to thee.

CREON. It will become thee with obedience thus
To bear thee ever, and every act
To yield submissive to a father's will.
'Tis therefore, O my son, that men do pray
For children who, with kind, officious duty,
May guard their helpless age, resist their foes,
And, like their parents, love their parents' friend.
But he who hath a disobedient child,
What hath he last but misery and woe ?
His enemies will laugh the wretch to scorn.
Take heed, my son, thou yield not up thy reason,
For deep are the wounds of false, dissembled friendship.
Hate, then, thy bitterest foe, despise her arts,
And leave her to be wedded to the tomb.

We will not yield
To a weak woman ; if we must submit,
At least we will be conquered by a man,
Nor by a female arm thus fall inglorious.

HÆ. Wisdom, my father, is the noblest gift
That gods bestow on man, and better far

Than all his treasures. What thy judgment deems
Most fit I cannot, would not reprehend.
Others, perhaps, might call it wrong ; for me,
My duty only bids me to inform you
If aught be done or said that casts reproach
Or blame on you, such terror would thy looks
Strike on the low plebeian, that he dare not
Say aught displeasing to thee. Be it mine
To tell thee, then, what I of late have heard
In secret whispered. Your afflicted people
United mourn the unhappy virgin's fate
Unmerited, most wretched of her sex,
To die for deeds of such distinguished virtue ;
For that she would not let a brother lie
Unburied, to the dogs and birds a prey.
" Was it not rather," say the murm'ring crowd,
" Worthily of golden honors and fair praise ? "
Such are their dark and secret discontents.
Thy welfare and thy happiness alone
Are all my wish. What can a child desire
More than a father's honor, or a father
More than a child's ? Oh, do not, then, retain thy will
And still believe no sense but thine
Can judge aright ; the man who proudly thinks
None but himself or eloquent or wise,
By time betrayed is branded for an idiot.
True wisdom will be ever glad to learn,
And not too fond of power. Observe the trees,
That bend to wintry torrents, how their boughs
Unhurt remain ; while those that brave the storm,
Uprooted torn, shall wither and decay ;
Then mitigate thy wrath, my father,
And give way to sweet repentance.

CHO. O King ! if right the youth advise, 'tis fit
That thou shouldst listen to him ; so to thee

Should he attend, as best may profit both.

CREON. And have we lived so long, then, to be taught,
At last, our duty by a boy like thee?

HÆ. Young though I am, I still may judge aright;
Wisdom in action lies and not in years.

CREON. Am I king here, or shall another reign?

HÆ. 'Tis not a city where but one man rules.

CREON. The city is the king's.

HÆ. Go by thyself, then, and rule henceforth o'er a deserted
land.

CREON [to CHORUS]. He pleads the woman's cause.

HÆ. If thou art she, I do; for, oh, I speak but for thy sake;
My care is all for thee.

CREON. Abandoned wretch! Dispute a father's will?

HÆ. I see thee err, and therefore do it.

CREON. Is it, then, a crime
To guard my throne and rights from violation?

HÆ. He cannot guard them who contemns the gods and vio-
lates their laws.

CREON. Oh! Thou art worse,
More impious, even, than she thou hast defended.

HÆ. Naught have I done to merit this reproof.

CREON. Hast thou not pleaded for her?

HÆ. No; for thee and for myself; for the infernal gods.

CREON. But know she shall not live to be thy wife.

HÆ. Then she must die; another, too, may fall.

CREON. Ha! dost thou threaten me, audacious traitor?

HÆ. What are my threats? Alas! thou heed'st them not.

CREON. That thou shalt see; thy insolent instruction
Shall cost thee dear.

HÆ. But for thou art my father,
Now would I say thy senses are impaired.

CREON. Now by Olympus here,
I swear thy vile reproaches shall not pass

Unpunished. [*To ATTENDANT.*] Call her forth! Before her bridegroom

She shall be brought, and perish in his sight.

HÆ. These eyes shall never see it. Let the slaves
Who fear thy rage, submit to it; but know,
'Tis the last time thou shalt behold thy son. [*Exit HÆMON.*]

CHO. Sudden in anger fled the youth. O King
A mind oppressed like his is desperate.

CREON. Why, let him go; and henceforth better learn
Than to oppose me. Be it as it may,
Death is their portion, and he shall not save them.

CHO. Must they both die, then?

CREON. No; 'tis well advised.

Ismene lives; but for Antigone,—

CHO. O King! what death is she decreed to suffer?

CREON. Far from the hands of men I'll have her led,
And in a rocky cave beneath the earth
Buried alive; with her a little food,
Enough to save the city from pollution.
There let her pray the only God she worships
To save her from this death; perhaps He will;
Or if He doth not, let her learn how vain
It is to reverence the powers below. [*Exit CREON.*]

[*Enter ANTIGONE.*]

ANTIGONE. Farewell, my friends, farewell!
Here on her last sad journey you behold
The poor Antigone; for nevermore
Shall I return, or view the light of day.

CHO. Be it thy glory still that by the sword
Thou fall'st not, nor the slow-consuming hand
Of foul distemperature; but fear, distinguished
Above thy sex, and to thyself a law,
Doom'st thy own death, shall thy honor live,
And future ages venerate thy name.

ANT. Thus Tantalus' unhappy daughter fell,
 The Phrygian Niobe ; high on the top
 Of towering Sisyphus, the rock enfolds her,
 Ev'n as the ivy twines her tendrils round
 The lofty oak. There still
 To melting showers and everlasting snow
 Oblivious she stands, her beauteous bosom wet
 With tears that from her ever-streaming eyes
 Incessant flow ; her fate resembles mine.

CHO. A goddess she !

We are but mortal, and of mortals born.
 To meet the fate of gods thus in thy life,
 And in thy death, oh, 'tis a glorious doom !

ANT. Alas ! thou mock'st me. Why, while yet I live,
 Wouldst thou afflict me with reproach like this ?
 O my dear country, and my dearer friends,
 O witness that I die by laws unjust ;
 To my deep prison, unlamented go ;
 To my sad tomb, no fellow-sufferer there
 To soothe my woes, the living or the dead.
 O my poor brother ! most unfortunate
 Were thy sad nuptials ; they have slain thy sister.

[Enter CREON.]

CREON. Know ye not, slaves like her to death
 Would never cease their wailing ? Wherefore is it
 You thus delay to execute my orders ?
 Let her be carried instant to the cave
 And leave her there alone, to live or die. [Exit.]

ANT. O my deep dungeon ! my eternal home,
 Whither I go to join my kindred dead.
 But still I have sweet hope I shall not go
 Unwelcome to my father ; nor to thee,
 My mother ; dear to thee, Eteocles,
 Still shall I ever be ; these pious hands

Washed your pale bodies, and adorned you both
 With rites sepulchral and libations due.
 And thus, my Polynices! for my care
 Of thee am I rewarded.

[*Enter CREON.*]

CREON. The slaves shall suffer for this great delay.

ANT. Alas! death cannot be far from that voice.

CREON. I would not have thee hope a moment's respite.

ANT. O my country's gods!

And thou, my native Thebes! I leave you now.

Look on me, princes; see the last of all

My royal race; see what I suffer; see

From whom I bear it; from the worst of men,

Only because I did delight in virtue. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

TIRESIAS, GUIDE, CREON, CHORUS.

TIRESIAS. Princes of Thebes! behold, conducted hither
 By my gentle guide, Tiresias comes.

CREON. O venerable prophet! What hast thou to impart?

TIRES. I will inform thee; observe, and be obedient.

CREON. Have I not been ever so?

TIRES. Thou hast; and therefore Thebes hath flourished still

CREON. By thy protecting hand.

TIRES. Therefore be wise; for know, this very hour
 Is the important crisis of thy fate.

CREON. Speak, then, what is it? How I dread thy words!

TIRES. When thou hast heard the portents which my art
 But now discovered, thou wilt see it all.

Know, then, that sitting on my ancient throne

Augural, whence each divination comes,

Sudden a strange unusual noise was heard

Of birds, whose loud and barb'rous dissonance

I knew not how to interpret. By the sound
 Of clashing wings, I could discover well
 That with their bloody claws they tore each other.
 Amazed and fearful, instantly I tried,
 On burning altars, holy sacrifice ;
 When from the victim, sudden, lo ! the sullen flame,
 Aspired not, smothered in the ashes ; still
 Laid the moist flesh, and, rolled in smoke, repelled
 The rising fire ; all these signs of deadly omen
 Boding darkening vengeance did I learn from him. [*Points to*
 GUIDE.]

He is my leader, King, and I am thine.
 Then mark me well ; from thee these evils flow.
 From thy unjust decree, our altars all
 Have been polluted by the unhallowed food
 Of birds and dogs, that preyed upon the corpse
 Of wretched Œdipus' unhappy son.
 Consider this, my son ! and, O remember,
 To err is human ; 'tis the common lot
 Of frail mortality ; and he alone
 Is wise and happy, who, when ills are done,
 Persists not, but would heal the wound he made.

Where is the glory
 To slay the slain, or persecute the dead ?
 I wish thee well, and therefore have spoke thus.
 When those who love advise, 'tis sweet to learn.

CREON. I know, old man, I am the general mark,
 The butt of all, and you all aim at me.
 For me I know your prophecies were made,
 And I am sold to this detested race ;
 Betrayed to them. But make your gains ; go, purchase
 Your Sardinian amber, and your Indian gold ;
 They shall not buy a tomb for Polynices.

TIRES. How far is wisdom beyond every good ?

CREON. As far as folly beyond every ill.

TIRES. That's a distemper thou'rt afflicted with.

CREON. I'll not revile, prophet.

TIRES. But thou dost. Thou'lt not believe.

CREON. Your prophetic race are lovers all of gold.

TIRES. Tyrants are so, howe'er illgotten.

CREON. Know'st thou 'tis a king thou'rt talking thus to?

TIRES. Yes, I know it well; a king who owes to me his country's safety.

CREON. Thou'rt a wise prophet, but thou art unjust.

TIRES. Thou wilt oblige me, then, to utter that which I had purposed to conceal.

CREON. Speak out;

Say what thou wilt, but say it not for hire.

But know, old man, I am not to be sold.

TIRES. Not many days shall the bright sun perform
His stated course ere

Thou, too, shalt weep, for that thy cruel sentence

Decreed a guiltless virgin to the tomb,

And kept on earth unburied, an unhallowed corse,

Which not to thee of right belonged.

'Twas arbitrary power.

But the avenging furies lie concealed,

The ministers of death have spread the snare,

And with like woes await to punish thee.

Thus from my angry soul have I sent forth its keenest arrows.

Nor shall they fly in rain, or thou escape

The destined blow. Now, boy, conduct me home.

On younger heads the tempest of his rage

Shall fall; but henceforth let him learn to speak

In humbler terms, and bear a better mind. [*Exit Tiresias.*]

CHO. He's gone; and dreadful were his prophecies.

Son of Menœceus; now

Thou need'st most counsel.

CREON. What wouldst thou advise? I will obey thee.

CHO. Set the virgin free, and let a tomb be raised for Poly-
nices.

CREON. And dost thou counsel this? O must I yield?

CHO. Immediately, O King! for vengeance falls
With hasty footsteps on the guilty head.

CREON. I must reverse the sentence; and do you,
My servants, be prepared each with his axe.
Quick, hasten to the place; myself will go,
And the same hand that bound shall set her free.
For O! I fear 'tis wisest, still through life
To keep our ancient laws, and follow virtue. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

MESSENGER, CHORUS.

CHORUS [*to MESSENGER*]. Touching our royal master, bring'st
thou news of sorrow to us?

MESSENGER. They are dead; and those who live, the dreadful
cause.

CHO. Quick! Tell us who the slayer and the slain.

MES. Hæmon is dead.

CHO. Dead! by what hand, his father's or his own?

MES. Enraged, and grieving for his murdered love, he slew
himself.

CHO. O prophet! thy prediction were too true!
But see, Eurydice, the wretched wife
Of Creon, comes this way; or chance hath brought her;
Or Hæmon's hapless fate hath reached her ear.

EURYDICE. Citizens, as to Minerva's fane
Ev'n now I went to pay my vows, the doors
I burst, and heard imperfectly the sound
Of most disastrous news, which touched me near.
Breathless I fell amid the virgin throng,
And now I come to know the dreadful truth.

MES. Then mark, my mistress, I will tell thee all
Know, then, I followed Creon to the field
Where the wretched carcass of Polynices lay,
And on the neighboring turf a tomb upraised.
Then toward the virgin's rocky cave advanced,
When from the dreadful chamber a sad cry
Was heard, and still as we approached,
The sound of sorrow from a voice unknown.
"Alas!" said Creon, "it is my son;
I know his voice. But get ye to the door,
My servants, close; and look ye through the stony heap;
Mark if it be so. Is it Hæmon's voice?"
Thus spoke the King. We, to our mournful lord
Obedient, looked, and saw Antigone
Down in the deepest hollow of the cave
By her own vestments hung; close by her side
The wretched youth, weeping his ravished bride.
Creon beheld, and loud approaching cried:
"What art thou doing? What's thy dread purpose?
What means my son? Come forth, my Hæmon, come;
Thy father begs thee." With indignant eye
The youth looked up, nor, scornful, deigned an answer,
But silent drew his sword, and, with fell rage,
Struck at his father, who by flight escaped
The blow. Then on himself bent all his wrath;
Full in his side the weapon fixed. [*Exit EURYDICE.*]

CHO. What can this mean? She's gone without a word.
Clamor, indeed, were vain; but each deep silence
Doth ever threaten horrid consequence.

MES. Within we soon shall know; if aught she hide
Of deadly purport in her angry soul;
For well thou say'st her silence is most dreadful.

[*Exit MESSENGER.*]

CHO. But lo! the King himself, and in his arms see his dead
son!

[*Enter CREON, bearing body of HÆMON.*]

CREON. Ah, me! what deadly woes from the bad mind
Perpetual flow! Thus in one wretched house
Have you beheld the slayer and the slain.
O fatal counsels! O unhappy son!
Thus with thy youthful bride to sink in death.
Thou diest, my child, and I have killed thee!

[*Enter MESSENGER.*]

MES. Thus oppressed, my lord,
With bitterest misfortune, more affliction
Awaits thee still, which thou shalt find within.
The Queen is dead,
Her wounds yet fresh. Eager, alas! to show
A mother's love, she followed her lost child.

CREON. O Death insatiate! how dost thou afflict me!
Didst thou not say a fresh calamity
Had fallen upon me? Didst say my wife
Was dead, alas! for grief of Hæmon's fate?

[*Scene opens and discovers body of EURYDICE.*]

CREON. O me! another blow!
What now remains? What can I suffer more,
Thus bearing in these arms my breathless son?
My wife, too, dead!

MES. Close by the altar she drew the sword
And closed her eyes, with imprecations dire
Still poured on thee, the murderer of thy son.

CREON. I shudder at it! Will no friendly hand
Destroy me quick? For O! I am most wretched, beset with mis-
eries!

Alas! I only am to blame. 'Twas I
Who killed thee, Hæmon! I confess my crime.
Bear me, my servants, bear me far from hence,
For I am nothing.

Quick! let my last, my happiest hour appear.

O that I might not see another day !

CHO. Time must determine that ; the present hour
Demands our care ; the rest be left to heaven.

CREON. Take hence this useless load, this guilty wretch
Who slew his child, who slew e'en thee, my wife !
I know not whither to betake me, where
To turn my eyes ; for all is dreadful round me,
And fate hath weighed me down on every side.

CHO. Wisdom alone is man's true happiness.
We are not to dispute the will of heaven ;
For ever are the boastings of the proud
By the just gods repaid, and man at last
Is taught to fear their anger and be wise.

CURTAIN.

CERES

A MYTHOLOGICAL PLAY FOR PARLOR AND SCHOOL

IN THREE ACTS

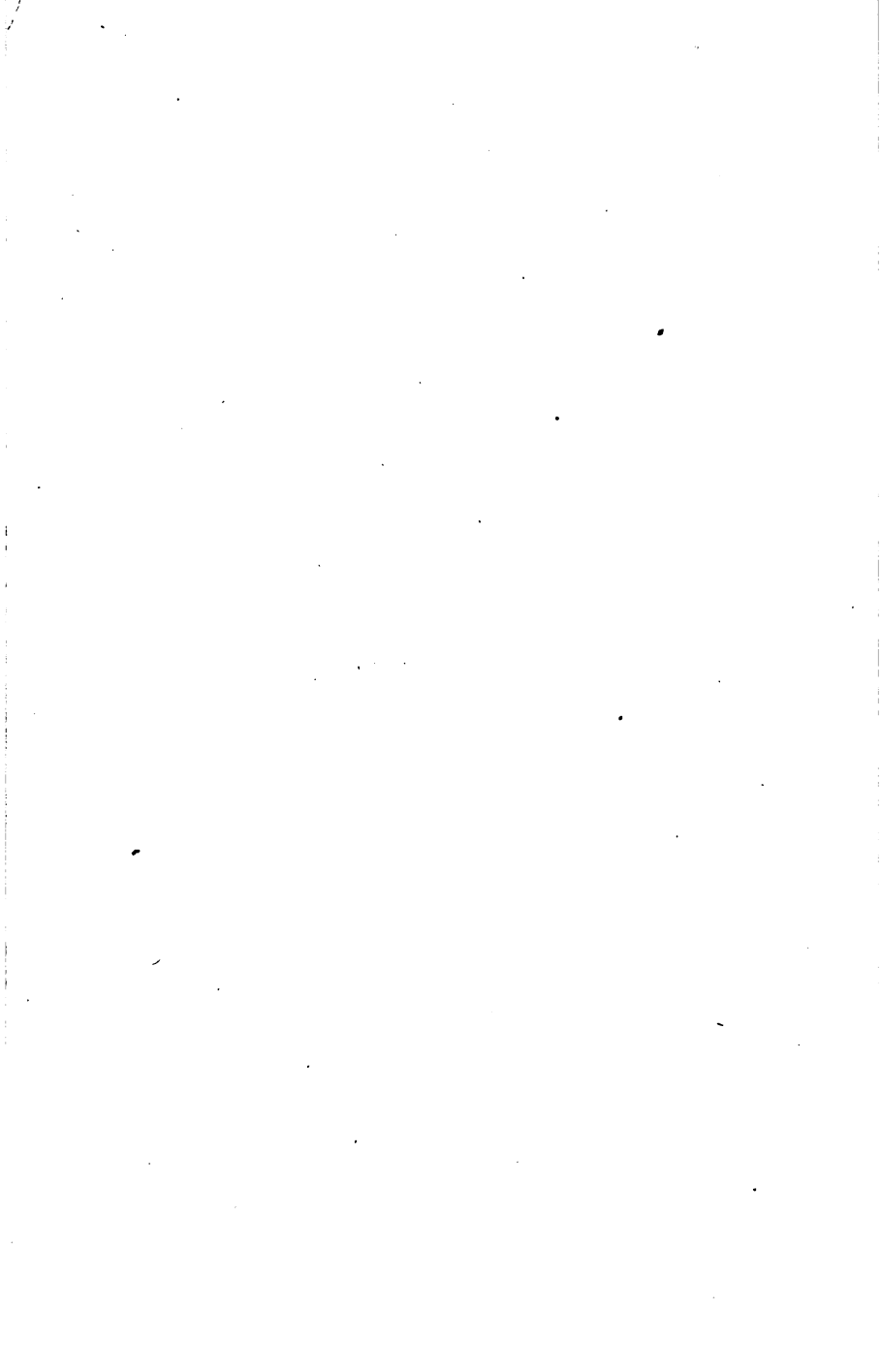
TWO MALES AND TWELVE FEMALES

By M. NATALINE CRUMPTON



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Price, 15 Cents



CERES.

A PLAY FOR PARLOR AND SCHOOL

IN THREE ACTS.

By M. NATALINE CRUMPTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURN, father of the gods.

TRIPTOLEMUS, king of Eleusis.

CERES, goddess of agriculture.

FLORA, goddess of flowers.

POMONA, goddess of fruits.

PROSERPINA, daughter to Ceres.

ARETHUSA and ANCHORA, water-nymphs.

IDALIA and CORONA, mountain-nymphs.

FANDA, SUPERBIA and ACANTHUS, tree-nymphs (Dryads).

HOUE.

THERE should be as many nymphs of each class as the stage will accommodate. Their costumes may be arranged as follows: Make a gored wrapper of green muslin, long enough to reach the knee, low in the neck, sleeve just deep enough to hide the pit of the arm. Make an overdress of green tarletan, a yard and a quarter wide, and twice as long as the measure from shoulder to knee. Double the tarletan so that the two ends shall be together; sew up each side toward fold, leaving at the folded end enough space for the arm to slip through. Hollow out the folded end for a low neck, leaving about four inches for a shoulder-strap. Hem the neck, and run in a string, so that it can be drawn and tied to fit the neck snugly. If the muslin undersleeve shows, con-

ceal it with a trimming of leaves. Gird the waist with a loose twist of the tarletan ten or twelve inches wide, tied in front toward left side in a loose knot without ends.

The water-nymphs should decorate shoulder-straps, neck and girdle with silver spangles or small pearl beads. The mountain-nymphs should have trimmings of evergreen; and the tree-nymphs trimmings of leaves, arranged according to taste.

As it would be difficult, without undue expense, to make buskins, it will be better for all the nymphs to wear black stockings and plain, black slippers.

Each nymph should have a horn suspended from the left shoulder by a green cord; a bow swung carelessly over the left shoulder, or carried in the left hand; a bunch of arrows in a quiver, or fastened securely under the girdle toward left side.

A little girl should personate Hour. Her costume may be cut like that of the nymphs, but should be of white muslin and white tarletan or gauze. The overdress need not be more than three-quarters of a yard wide. It should be decorated with gold spangles. She should wear spangled butterfly wings of the same material as the overdress; flesh-colored stockings and gold slippers.

For the other characters make a long, loose-fitting sack with sleeve not deeper than three inches, cut all in one piece. The sleeve should fit smoothly, to hide the pit of the arm. For the goddesses this garment may be cut with train, but for the male characters it should just touch the ground. The neck should be cut high enough to cover the collar-bone, and should be loosely gathered. The drapery, of the same material as the under-garment, is made of a straight piece, twice as long as the height of the wearer, half as wide as it is long. In draping, throw one end from the back over left shoulder, carry the other end loosely across the back under right arm, then throw this end loosely from the front over left shoulder. The right arm is left bare; left arm supports the crossed ends of drapery. The costumes should be made of some soft fabric, such as nun's veiling.

Suitable colors and decorations for costumes: Saturn, cream; Triptolemus, crimson, trimmed with a broad band of gold; Ceres, brown, trimmed with three narrow bands of gold, a bunch of grain at the waist or on the left shoulder; Flora, pink, a gilt or straw horn of plenty suspended by a pink cord passing over the left shoulder and containing flowers; Pomona, pale green, on left arm a basket containing apples, grapes, figs, and lemons; Proserpina, white, drapery held in place with bunches of violets.

The goddesses and the nymphs should wear their hair waved and loosely twisted below the crown of the head. Hour should wear her hair flowing.

ACT I.

SCENE: A grove in Italy. SATURN walking about, anxiously looking for some one.

SATURN. Will they not come? Was my messenger spurned? Ere my kingdom was overthrown, I commanded and was obeyed; now I entreat, and am unheeded. Ha! fool that I am! The messenger has scarcely left these precincts, yet I am complaining of delay. Age should be a time of patience. Ah, joy!

[*Enter POMONA, FLORA, and CERES, bowing and saying:*]

Hail! Saturn, hail.

SAT. Welcome, fair Pomona, and thou, blooming Flora, and thou, my own dear daughter, Ceres, welcome. Proud am I that, though no longer seated on the throne of Olympus, I am counted worthy of your regard.

POMONA. Though no longer on thy throne, O mighty Saturn, we reverence thee, remembering thy former greatness. [*Bowing.*]

CERES [*bowing*]. Obedient to thy request we have come.

FLORA [*bowing*]. Gladly do we meet thee in council.

SAT. Pleased am I that ye neglected not my bidding. Fair goddesses, I would consult ye about the welfare of mortals. Though

my power is set aside, and Jupiter rules triumphant, I cannot be indifferent to the affairs of the world. Man shall not neglect me, even should he wish to do so. While he lives he must pay homage to Saturn, god of time.

CER. Yea, while man roams the earth he must bow, willingly or unwillingly, to thy decrees, O Time.

SAT. Man, being so bound to me, demands my interest. Earnestly do I watch the struggles of the world. [*Walks about, absorbed in thought.*] I would fain give man more opportunity for happiness.

POM. [*laying her hand upon his arm*]. Unfold thy plans to us, great Saturn.

[*POMONA and SATURN advance to centre, CERES takes position at the other side of SATURN, FLORA beside CERES.*]

SAT. Therefore I invited this council. I ask your aid. Can ye do more for man! If so, what is your will?

POM. The fruits of the earth are now few and small, but I can go forth and scatter luscious abundance far and wide, thus nourishing and gratifying the life of mortals. My gifts will relieve not only the hungry, but the sick and suffering.

SAT. Quickly begin the good work. [*POMONA bows.*]

CER. I will teach man to subdue the earth, so that it may bring forth abundantly all wholesome grains whose virtues are manifold.

SAT. Man shall learn how excellent is the strength that cometh from labor, how satisfying are the profits of industry.

FLOR. I will fill the land with beauty, which will appeal to the eye and to the heart. No spot shall be too mean for my gifts, and I will scatter them with a generous hand. They shall be precious to man even when he turns from luscious fruit and has no desire for golden grain. I will give him emblems of congratulation for moments of joy; tokens of sympathy for hours of sorrow.

[POMONA crosses to FLORA, SATURN moving aside. POMONA and CERES extend hand to FLORA.]

POM. When beauty goes hand in hand with utility, mankind shall be truly blest.

SAT. In all this, O goddesses, I do perceive the goodness of your hearts. By the excellence of your decisions ye have more than fulfilled my expectations. In your behalf [*raising his arms*] I invoke the mighty Apollo, whose golden beams illumine and warm the earth. [*Turning slightly, arms still uplifted.*] Thou, too, Æolus, god of the winds, send forth in due order Boreas and Eurus and Auster and Zephyr, with snow, rain, warm winds, and gentle breezes.

[*Enter HOUR excitedly.*]

Well, little Hour, how now?

HOUR. O, most pitiable Ceres, how shall I tell my tale? [*All gather round HOUR.*]

CER. Quickly! unless thy bad news will improve by keeping it a while to thyself.

HOUR. In the land of Sicily thy fair daughter Proserpina—

CER. Alas, how mine ears do dread thy words! [*FLORA caresses CERES reassuringly.*]

HOUR. Thy fair daughter was wandering in the lovely vale of Enna, delighting to pluck the lilies and violets and daffodils—
[*pauses*].

CER. Speak! The worst is better than suspense.

HOUR. I observed her as I winged my course o'er the earth; then suddenly I missed her. I know not how she could have left the valley. My sisters will seek her during their flight, but I can tell thee no more.

CER. [*fiercely catching hold of HOUR*]. No more? [*FLORA and POMONA gently free HOUR from the grasp of CERES. HOUR falls upon her knees.*]

HOOR. I have spoken truly. O, Ceres, do not hate me.

CER. [*comforting HOOR*]. Return to the celestial gates, thou innocent child, and suffer not [*releases HOOR, and puts her hands over her own ears*], though thou has dulled the hearing of mine ears with the shock of thy words. [*Exit HOOR.*] O, Proserpina, Proserpina—

[SATURN, FLORA and POMONA surround CERES.]

SAT. Fair goddess, I sorrow with thee.

FLO. Thy woes are mine.

POM. We will help thee search for her.

SAT. Ay, Ceres, the word is good. Search. Seek her in her accustomed haunts. Success to thy efforts. [*FLORA and POMONA lead CERES away.*] Alas, that this pleasant council, arranging plans so wise and beneficent, should be thus sadly broken up by sorrow. The good work must wait.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: A grove in Sicily. As the curtain rises, horns sound gaily. All the nymphs except ARETHUSA enter with sprightly step, and keep up some graceful movement while singing.

NYMPS. [*Chorus. See page 9, "The merry, merry," etc.*]

1. The mer - ry, mer - ry sound - ing horn, It calls us to our
 2. Di - an - a, fair - est, rules our band, We sport us in the
 3. Nymphs of the sea, and nymphs of land, And nymphs from loft - y

pleas - ure; Neath sha - dy tree this sun - ny morn, We'll tread a
 wild - wood; And ev - ery - where on sea and land, We pass our
 moun - tain; On ev - ery hand nymphs of the tree, And nymphs from

hap - py meas - ure. Hear, O hear the hunt - ing, the hunt - ing
 hap - py nymph - hood. Praise, O praise Di - an - a, Di - an - a
 sparkling foun - tain. Praise, O praise Di - an - a, Di - an - a

horn;..... Hear, O hear the hunt - ing, the hunt - ing horn.
 fair;..... Praise, O praise Di - an - a, Di - an - a fair.
 fair;..... Praise, O praise Di - an - a, Di - an - a fair.

SUPERBIA. How delightful this sylvan sport!

ANCHORA. More refreshing than luscious ambrosia and fragrant nectar in the Olympian palace.

IDALIA. Why does not mortal man put himself more fully under our blissful spell?

CORONA. He thinks he understands the joy of nature—

IDA. The grandeur of the mountain—

ACANTHUS. The beauty of the tree—

ANCHO. The majesty of ocean, the charm of sparkling stream and fountain.

COR. But he really knows nothing about it.

FANDA. He seems too proud to learn. He little knows the wealth he loses. [*Runs back gaily and shoots an arrow.*]

ANCHO. Perhaps for us it is well that man keeps himself so remote. Ye know some of our sisters became acquainted with grief by mixing with the affairs of mortals.

ACAN. Yes, we tree-nymphs have reason to fear the approach of mortal man. Ye, sisters of stream and mountain, are happy in the surety of a never-ending life; but we, dryads, who dwell in the mighty forest trees, become still and silent when our home is destroyed.

[*Dryads show signs of sadness.*]

FAN. Yea, this thought saddens us at times. But fearful punishments have fallen upon impious mortals who have dared to lay a proud tree low. Ye know this well.

SUP. So shall it be in future. Weak saplings and crooked trees are at man's service; but let him stand in awe before the noble forest beauties.

ALL. Let him beware!

ANCHO. But when I said that perhaps it is well man keeps himself so remote from our haunts, I thought not of death. I had in mind the sorrow of love. Cupid is ever ready to play pranks.

SUP. Yea, think of Echo, who for love of Narcissus pined away. Invisible, she haunts the lonely nooks; nothing is left us but her voice. [*Nymphs retreat a little and look toward one side.*]

ALL. Poor Echo.

ECHO [*behind scene*]. Poor Echo.

ALL. Poor sister.

ECHO. Poor sister.

ALL. Fond favorite of Diana.

ECHO. Favorite of Diana.

ALL. Thou shalt not be forgotten.

ECHO. Not be forgotten.

[*Nymphs make gestures of sadness, and advance toward front.*]

IDA. This free life suits our nature.

ALL. Let us be content.

ECHO. Be content.

[*Nymphs show signs of pleasure.*]

SUP. Come, let us exercise.

[*Nymphs dance, or perform some graceful evolutions or calisthenics, using the arrows as wands, and singing to an appropriate air, "La, la, la." At conclusion, nymphs resume conversational attitudes.*]

COR. [*mysteriously*]. Do ye know, sisters, that our great Diana herself, when darkness veils the earth, frequents a lonely mountain height, to smile upon the sleeping shepherd Endymion?

ALL [*except ANCHORA, SUPERBIA and IDALIA*]. Oh, hush!

ECHO. Oh, hush!

ANCHO. There is no need of secrecy. Endymion is endowed with perpetual sleep; his life is a pure dream. Diana's smiles betoken nothing but most holy sympathy with beauty.

IDA. That same sympathy sends a radiance o'er all the earth, so that the darkness of night is illumined.

SUP. Yea, when the great huntress, queen of the silver bow, visits that lonely height and smiles upon the dreaming youth, so gracious, so beneficent is her favor that even mortals feel its influence and say, "How glorious is this night."

ALL [*singing chorus, page 9, "The merry, merry," etc.*]

CER. [*behind scene*]. Proserpina, Proserpina.

ECHO. Proserpina.

ANCHO. Who is it that comes sorrowing?

FAN. [*running toward background*]. 'Tis Ceres, the goddess.

[*Enter CERES.*]

CER. Does this fair land of Sicily give no answer to my anguished cries? Proserpina, thou art lost indeed.

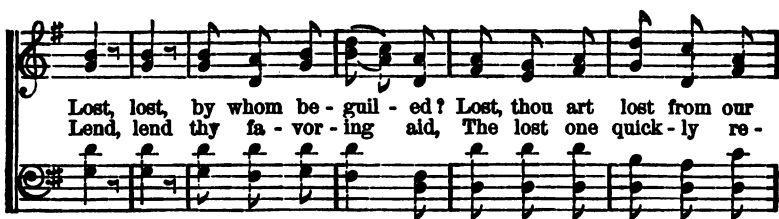
SUP. [*leading CERES forward*]. Sad mother, what has befallen thy daughter?

CER. Gathering flowers, suddenly she vanished. [*Nymphs show signs of horror and pity.*] And I not there to catch her parting glance—miserable that I am!

NYMPHS. [*Chorus. See below, "Lost, lost," etc.*]



1. Lost, lost, ah, art thou lost, child, Lost, lost in morning's light?
2. Come, come, Di - an - a, fair maid, Hear, hear, hear we im-plore;



Lost, lost, by whom be - guil - ed? Lost, thou art lost from our
Lend, lend thy fa - vor - ing aid, The lost one quick - ly re -



sight, Lost, lost, lost, lost, Lost, thou art lost from our sight.
- store, Lost, lost, lost, lost, The lost one quick - ly re - store.

COR. [*approaching CERES*]. Where was she seen last?

CER. In the vale of Enna.

SUP. The vale of Enna? [*Looking round.*] Is Arethusa here?

IDA. No. She has not joined our sport to-day.

COR. Let us summon her [*goes out with IDA*].

SUP. [*embracing CERES*]. Perchance we may learn whither thy daughter went.

[*Enter CORONA, IDALIA and ARETHUSA.*]

ARETHUSA [*to CERES*]. I can tell thee of Proserpina.

CER. [*drawing ARETHUSA forward, nymphs crowding round*]. O maiden, quickly relieve a mother's anxiety.

ARE. Proserpina was wandering near the fountain where I dwell. Suddenly the earth opened at her feet, the grim chariot drawn by the black steeds appeared for an instant—then Proserpina was seen no more.

CER. [*wringing her hands*]. Gone to thy gloomy home, Pluto, to dwell with thee beneath the earth. Alas, alas! [*ARETHUSA and SUPERBIA try to comfort CERES.*]

NYPHS. [*Chorus, see page 14, "Fair Ceres," etc.*]

1. Fair Ce - res, thou must not yield to de - spair, Do not de - spair,
2. He pi - ty - ing sure thy sad cry must hear, Sad cry must hear,

do not de - spair; Thou to O - lym - pus must quick - ly re - pair,
sad cry must hear; And so we tell thee to ban - ish thy fear,

Quick - ly re - pair, quick re - pair. And tell thy griefs to the
Ban - ish thy fear, ban - ish fear. Take com - fort now to thy

most might - y Jove, With all the warmth of a fond mother's love;
grief-strick-en mind, Most sure - ly thou thy dear daughter shalt find;

Thou to O - lym - pus must quickly re - pair, Quickly re - pair, quick re - pair.
And so we tell thee to ban - ish thy fear, Ban - ish thy fear, ban - ish fear.

CER. I am so stricken with grief that scarcely can I say: "I thank ye." But I will entreat Jupiter to demand her and restore her to my empty arms. [*Exit.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SOME: A grove at Eleusis, near Athens.

[*Enter CERES.*]

CER. Long seems the road when the heart is heavy; unmeaning is the landscape when the eye is sad. I wonder whether my grief could be assuaged by tears such as mortals shed. Can moisture of the eye heal the sorrow of the heart? Surely, no. So weak a fancy befits mortals only; I, a goddess, belong to the race of undimmed eyes. [*Rests against a tree.*]

[*Enter TRIPTOLEMUS.*]

TRIPTOLEMUS [*in background*]. The goddess Ceres, weary, worn and sorrowing? [*Advances.*] If I seem to intrude upon thy grief by asking the cause, pray do not answer me. But wilt thou not stay thy weary feet in this pleasant land of Attica? Thy sorrow shall be sacred from prying curiosity.

CER. Thou art the king, Triptolemus, and healing are thy words of sympathy to my wounded heart. I will tarry here for a brief space to await the return of the messenger sent by Jupiter to ask the release of my daughter from the gloomy kingdom of Pluto.

TRIP. Then, majestic mother, put anxiety away from thee. Pluto will not refuse the request of the great Jupiter.

CER. Nay, but her release can only be upon one condition. If she has tasted no food in the nether world she may return to me; if she has eaten, I shall see her no more. Therefore in my heart anxiety struggles with hope.

TRIP. [*looking toward entrance*]. Hope has victory, for behold !

[*Enter HOUR with PROSERPINA.*]

CER. [*rushing to PROSERPINA*]. My child, my child, I have thee again. [*Leads PROSERPINA forward.*]

HOUR [*dancing*]. Ceres, the same little Hour that made thee acquainted with grief, has come again bringing thee joy.

TRIP. [*to CERES*]. As thy grief was great, so must thy joy be wondrous.

PROSERPINA [*sadly*]. But we must temper our happiness. Having tasted the seed of a pomegranate, I am bound to the lower world. Pluto claims me half the year.

CER. Oh, bitter fruit ! Oh, dreadful consequences of a thoughtless deed ! Yet, in the joy of seeing thee now, I can hardly think of the sorrow to come.

[*HOUR dances in background.*]

TRIP. May ye so enjoy your companionship that ye shall be fortified for the days of absence. [*Bows, and turns to depart.*]

CER. Triptolemus [*TRIPTOLEMUS turns toward CERES*], because of thy kind sympathy, and because in thy kingdom my daughter was restored to me, I will teach my arts first to thy people. Thy subjects shall learn before other mortals to cultivate the land. Agriculture shall be an honorable occupation. In yonder city, Eleusis, I will build a temple, where mortals shall keep my festivals and learn my mysteries.

TRIP. [*bowing*]. Faithfully will we study thy laws, most gracious Ceres. Eleusis shall be a place of resort for multitudes, when thy holy ceremonies are performed.

CER. Not only shall secrets of the earth be taught, but mysteries of the heart—the pleasure of companionship, the anguish of parting, the joy of reunion.

TRIP. Honor to Ceres forevermore.

[*Exit. Enter FLORA and POMONA.*]

FLO. [*embracing PROSERPINA*]. Dear Proserpina, as we sorrowed with thy mother at thy loss, so we rejoice with her at thy return.

POM. [*embracing PROSERPINA*]. Dear Proserpina.

PROS. The present brightness is not without alloy. Half of every year I must spend with Pluto. [*FLORA and POMONA show signs of grief and sympathy.*] A strange, strange life; but I accept it with the courage that becometh a goddess.

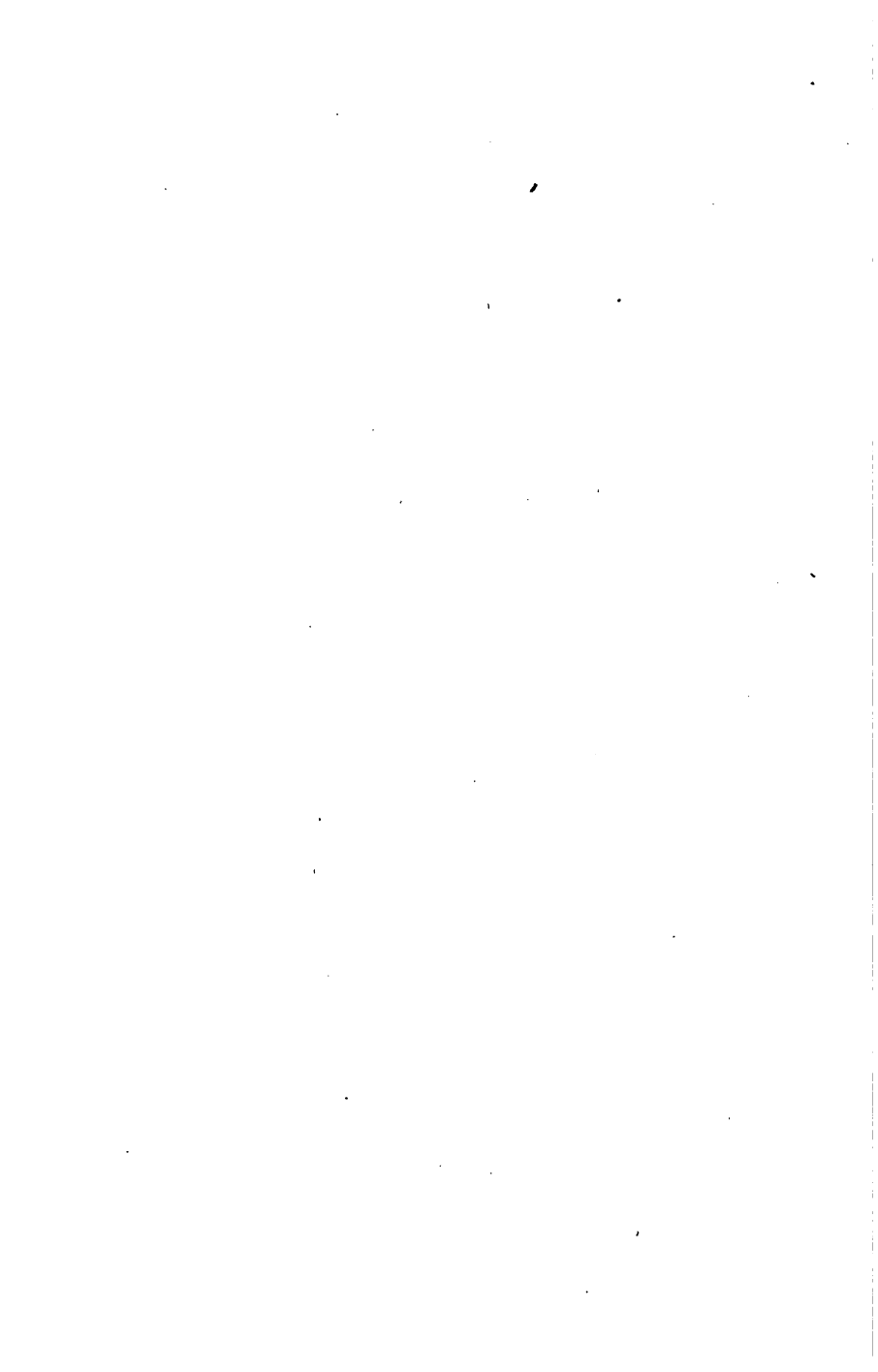
POM. [*cheerfully, leading PROSERPINA forward*]. Thy courage gives strength to us. We must make the most of the time thou art here, and when thou art away we will think of thy coming again. [*During this speech the characters group themselves—CERES and PROSERPINA centre, FLORA beside CERES, POMONA beside PROSERPINA; HOUR dances in background, and gradually withdraws.*]

POM. [*addressing CERES and FLORA*]. Goddesses, each year during the absence of Proserpina let us withhold our abundance from the earth, let us be sparing of our gifts.

FLO. Good! and when she is present, let us scatter blessings with liberal hand. [*PROSERPINA shows pleasant satisfaction.*]

CER. So, when earth is bright and glad, men shall know that Proserpina is with her mother; but when it is cold and gloomy, then shall they say, "Ceres dwells alone."

CURTAIN.



The Convention of the Muses

A CLASSICAL PLAY FOR PARLOR AND SCHOOL

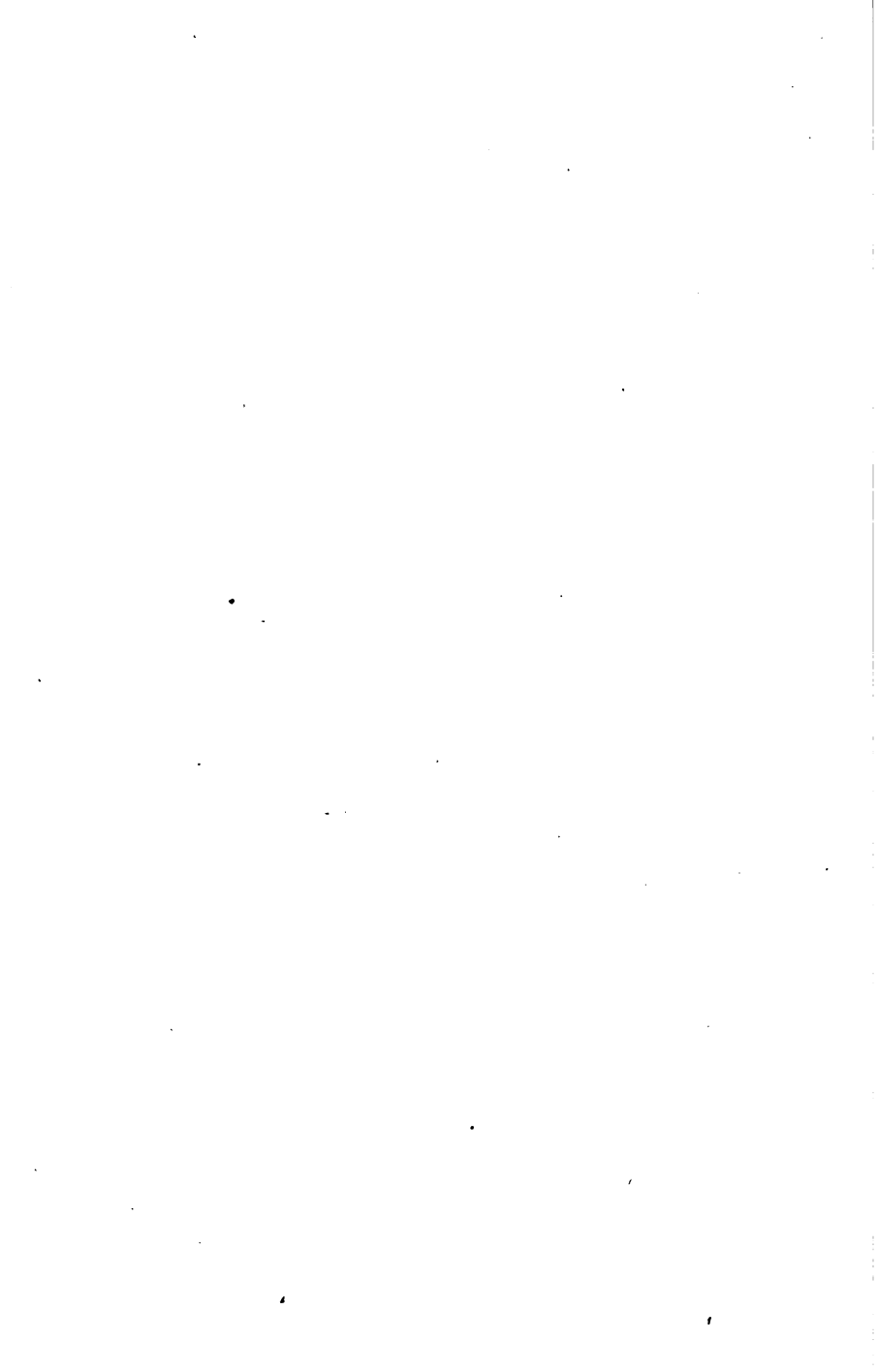
FOR NINE FEMALES

By ELLA SKINNER BATES



PRICE 15 CENTS

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A CONVENTION OF THE MUSES.

BY ELLA SKINNER BATES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

CALLIOPE (or Calypso),	Epic Poetry.
EUTERPE,	Lyric Poetry.
ERATO,	Love.
MELPOMENE,	Tragedy.
THALIA,	Comedy.
POLYHYMNIA,	Sacred Poetry.
TERPSICHOE,	Choral Song and Dance.
URANIA,	Astronomy.
CLIO,	History.

Clio, as the Muse of History, calls the meeting, and invites each member to make a report of the condition of affairs in her special department.

Each character should be dressed appropriately in simple Greek costume, sandals upon the feet, hair *à la Grec*, with a laurel wreath, or wreath of flowers, or other band as a fillet, just above the brows, and each should hold the symbols indicating her office. It is better that the costumes should be of different colors, and in extremely light shades.

Melpomene may wear black, or a white dress with a black Greek border, or a white dress and black mantle draped gracefully. She may hold in her hand the traditional tragic mask.

Thalia may choose any color she wishes, and have in her hand, or hung about her person, the traditional comic mask.

Clio must have a scroll and a stylus, or pen. Her dress should be white, with a gilt border of Greek fret.

Urania should wear blue, as typical of the sky, with the customary globe in her hand; the effect is heightened by a fillet of

stars, or a crescent in the hair, or a band of stars about the waist as a girdle.

Euterpe should have hanging upon her arm a broken lyre.

Terpsichore should have a harp or lute.

Polyhymnia, a scroll.

Calliope, also a scroll.

Erato may have some tiny darts fastened in her hair and dress as the representative of Love.

The stage should be arranged with a small platform raised to the height of two low steps, a little left of centre. Upon the platform should stand a chair with a crescent back, the horns of the crescent turning upward, so that they may be used as supports for the arms in sitting. This chair is for Clio, who, as the presiding deity, must have the most prominent position.

About the stage, and close to the platform, should be scattered low stools, and, further off, some other chairs, corresponding to the one upon the platform.

Clio enters (*right back*) followed by the others.

She crosses stage to centre, and, turning, speaks :

CLIO. I have convened you, sisters, for the time
Approaches when the state of earthly things
Demands a faithful, just and full report.
Let us sit down and each one, then, shall speak
Of her experience since last we met.

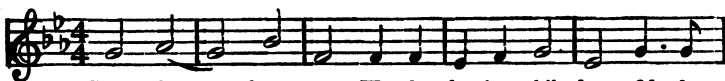
[*She points to the seats, and is about to ascend the platform, has one foot upon the first step, when POLYHYMNIA breaks in.*]

POLYHYMNIA. But, first, dear Clio, as of old our wont,
Sing we the hymn to that all powerful Jove,
Who, king of gods and men, demands our zeal,
Our worship and our love in all his works.

[*She opens her scroll and takes her place next to CLIO, who turns upon the first step and remains, thus, a little above the rest,*

who group themselves about her, four on either side, in a slight curve.]

[*They sing with appropriate movements.*]



Great Jove hear us: We thy lov-ing chil-dren Of-fer



our de-vo-tion, fer-vent to Thee. Yield us now Thy fa-vor,



Grant us now Thy bless-ing—Father all pow'r-ful Ze-us our King.

[*After the singing, CLIO seats herself. MELPOMENE takes her position, standing at CLIO's left on the platform, and slightly back. The others should seat themselves in graceful attitudes either upon the stools or upon the steps of the platform.*]

POL. [*who is not seated*]. Oh, Clio mine, the world knows not our gods;

The hymns we sing are banished all. 'Tis true

Those evil spirits we were wont to shun

Still show their faces, hideous as of old;

But all the fair, sweet mysteries of our faith

Men laugh at, worshiping one only God. [*Seats herself.*]

CALLIOPE [*rising impetuously*]. And, sister, all my work lies in the past.

The age of hero-worship is quite dead.

True, there are heroes now, but none to sing.

It seems all men are heroes in this age,

And each one worships at his own great shrine.

No genius find I in whose breast the spark

Which may be kindled into mighty song.

EUTERPE. Yes, all the good old days are gone indeed,
 And in this scientific age men have
 No time to waste in anything but work.
 Ah, me ! to guide again the minstrel's song,
 And fill his strain with music—passing sweet—
 From those light strings he touched upon his harp.
 See, all my strings are broken from disuse ;
 I may not speak, save without music now.

ERATO. Ah, sister, olden times were yours indeed ;
 But mine are all—past, present, and to be.
 All men acknowledge me the deathless one,
 Because love is undying, and my song
 Shows love triumphant o'er all earthly things ;
 And men become changed by my magic spell,
 Immortal as the gods, and ever young.

MELPOMENE [*slowly and impressively*]. And following in thy
 wake, Erato, comes
 A train of ills which blots the sun in heav'n ;
 Fills earth with sorrow, for men die of love,
 And women break their hearts before they die.
 Erato, thy sweet poison deadly is,
 My own heart almost breaks to think of it.

THALIA [*springing up and rushing to the front*]. Come, sisters,
 this is all too sad indeed ;
 Much that is brightest comes of love
 And love well sung, as by our sister here.
 My sides ache oft with laughing as I watch
 The strange manœuvres of these earthly fools,
 Who, feeling once Love's dart, grow straight bewitched.
 And then I search for some poetic soul
 Who also sees this universal—*woe*.
 And such strange scenes of mirth he conjureth

From all these groans and sighs of dolorous men,
 That all the world laughs. Then this same man
 Becomes a victim in the common cause
 And dies on his own sword. I always find
 So much of brightness in this merry world,
 There's no time left to weep. And of what use
 To spend the hours in sighing? 'Twill but make
 Them long and tedious, when they should be bright and
 lightsome.
 Why sit in darkness when one may be glad?

TERPSICHOE. Right glad am I to hear thy merry voice
 After the wailing of our sisters here.
 Our task it is to lighten the world's grief,
 And bring the primal sunshine back again.
 For men, and women, too, have grown so strange,
 Why, ev'n their forms are changed. The women all
 Have hour-glass waists—and humps, where none there were;
 And then they move in angles, not in curves.
 The men [*mimicking*] just so; the women—worse than all!
 And when I try to breathe my airy soul
 Into their bodies, and inspire the old,
 Sweet measures of the mazy dance,
 Fit subjects they become for Nestor's laugh.
 Ah, sister [*to ERATO*], 'tis not love alone that rules,
 But vagrant fancies of a vagrant age,
 Which even you and I cannot quite change.
 I feel my own limbs growing almost stiff,
 So great the influence of this fashion dame
 Who leaves me naught to do in all the world.

URANIA. Dear sisters, think you there is but this earth
 On which to work? Why, since the olden time,
 I have been traveling to distant worlds,
 Which, with this ball, revolve around the sun;

A CONVENTION OF THE MUSES.

And farther still, to other grander suns,
 Which, with their satellites, are stretched in space,
 All moving, round and round, and on and on,
 Each bound to each by some strange, mystic force
 We name, indeed, yet know not what it is.
 The whole great universe bound by one law,
 And moving steadily—by other laws—
 To greater ends than thou hast even dreamed.

CLIO [*rising*]. Come, worthy sisters, keep your hearts in peace.
 You speak the history of a world's great life ;
 First, small beginnings of the infant mind ;
 Then sad vagaries of the youth's estate ;
 It stands just here, where we may feel the hope
 Of better, truer things. I look on all.
 Not one thing in itself, but all in one,
 Makes up the history of a perfect life ;
 So with the world's. Its grander purpose lies
 As yet quite unfulfilled. Then to thy work.
 Thy natures, too, must change to meet the need
 Of this fast-growing world, whose tendency
 Is onward, upward, to the throne of God.
 Thalia and Melpomene, [*joining the hands of THALIA
 and MELPOMENE*] go hand in hand,
 For joys and sorrow mingle in the world,
 And thus thy [*to MELPOMENE*] heavy heart will lighter grow,
 And thine [*to THALIA*] more tender toward all human woe.

THAL. Thou shouldst have joined her to Erato here ;
 'Tis said that Tragedy e'er follows Love.
 But nothing fear, I'll make her even smile,
 Who knows but laugh, before we meet again.

MEL. Yes, Tragedy wears oft a smiling face ;
 'Tis but the mask to hide what lies behind.

That mask is Comedy's—the outside hers,
Thy kingdom lies within and holds the heart.

[*They step back to their places.*]

CLIO. Calliope, Euterpe, spare thy sighs,
Much yet remains to sing; and though thy lyre
Is broken, music still enchains the world,
And still entreats thy skill and sympathy.
[*To CALLIOPE.*] Look thou for heroes of a different mold;
For there are many grand as those of old.

CAL. But poets, Clio, they are born, not made,
The gem of song kindled by mighty Jove
I still must find, or else my work is vain.

CLIO. Poets to suit the world's need thou wilt find.
The spirit of the age inspires their pen,
And that must guide thee also in thy work.

EUTERPE [*hopefully, trying to mend her broken strings*]. I'll
mend my strings; perchance they'll sound again.

CLIO. Yes, they will sing in sweeter strains to men.
Erato, Polyhymnia, go thou forth,
Thou [*to ERATO*] singing of the human earthly love,
And thou [*to POLYHYMNIA*] of heavenly; joining so the two
Shall love be consecrated to high ends,
And purer, tenderer, diviner grow.

POL. The old faith, Clio, must it die indeed?
Is there no truth in all we once believed?
Is Jove a myth? Then what, indeed, are we?

CLIO. The ministers of Truth; those who must work
For that and all its ends, no matter what.

The spirits sent by Him who rules above,
 (That greater One than Jove) to do His work—
 Not hinder it—in all the universe.
 Thou merry Terpsichore, go thy ways,
 And still enliven earth with dance and song ;
 But keep the spirit pure, thy heart as light,
 And thou'lt yet compass something in the world.
 Urania, mine, who holdst the heavy key
 To mysteries undreamed, go also forth ;
 The world waits hungry for the coming truth.
 I wait to give thy knowledge to the world.
 Not what I *would*, but what I *must*, I write ;
 The Muse of History but holds the pen,
 Which you, my sisters all, must guide aright.

TABLEAU.—All bow heads and stand before her, CLIO holding her tablets in left hand, the pen in right, pointing to them as if about to write.

Then all sing the same air as before, kneeling, and with appropriate gestures :

Great spirit, hear us,
 Thou above who reignest.
 Kneel we now before thee,
 Humble in heart.

Keep our eyes uplifted
 Ever to the highest,
 Father, all merciful,
 Whom we adore.



PANDORA

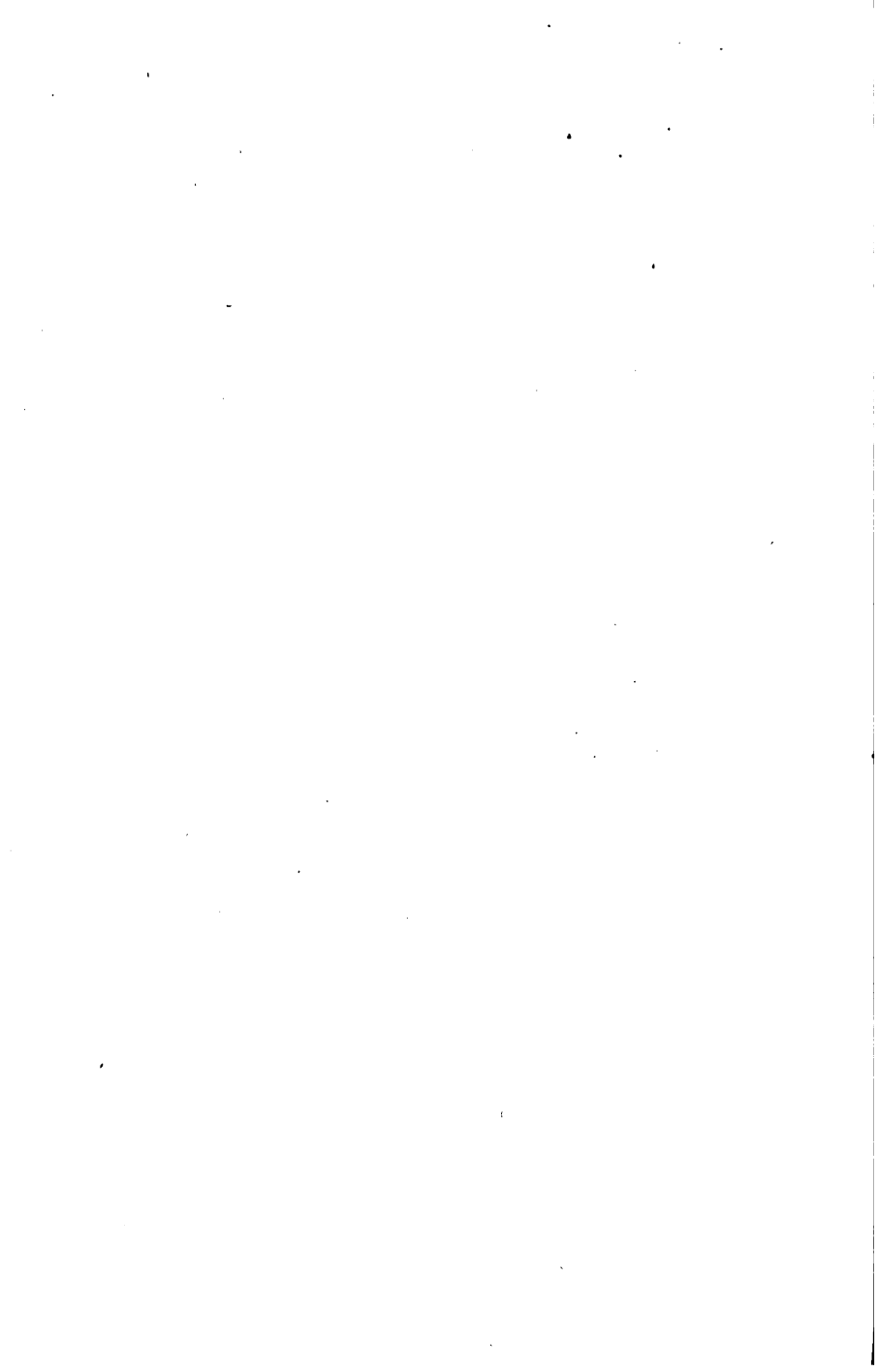
A Classical Play for Parlor and School

In Three Acts

FOUR MALES AND THREE FEMALES

By M. NATALINE CRUMPTON

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PANDORA.

A PLAY FOR PARLOR AND SCHOOL.

IN THREE ACTS

BY M. NATALINE CRUMPTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EPIMETHEUS , one of the gods.	PANDORA , a woman made by Vulcan.
VULCAN , smith and artist of the gods.	MINERVA , goddess of wisdom.
MERCURY , messenger of the gods.	IRIS , goddess of peace and hope.
BOY , slave to Epimetheus.	

DESIGNS for costumes can be found in any illustrated Grecian history or mythology, but all the robes may be made in the following simple style: For the under-garment make a long, loose-fitting sack, with sleeve not deeper than three inches, cut all in one piece. The sleeve should fit smoothly, so as to hide the pit of the arm. For the male characters this garment should not fall below the ankle; but for the female characters it may be cut with train. The neck should be cut half high, or high enough to cover the collar-bone, and should be loosely gathered. The garment may be bordered at the hem with trimming like that of the drapery.

The drapery is made of a straight piece, twice as long as the height of the wearer, half as wide as it is long. It may be bordered all round with a broad band, or three narrow bands, or in the design of a Grecian wreath (wall of Troy).

In draping, throw one end from the back over left shoulder, bring the other end loosely across the back under right arm, then throw this end loosely from the front over left shoulder. The right arm is left bare; left arm supports the crossed ends of drapery.

Sandals may be simulated by leather-colored ribbons or cords fastened upon flesh-colored stockings; a tip or pocket for the toes may be made of leather-colored muslin. The cords should be

crossed upon the instep, and tied around the ankle. For ease of movement these stockings should be worn over ordinary stockings and slippers. Pandora's sandals should be all white.

Suitable colors for costumes are : Vulcan, brown ; Epimetheus, red, trimmed with gold ; Mercury, gray, silver-colored cap with wings, and a silver caduceus ; Pandora, white ; Minerva, pale blue trimmed with gold or silver, gold or silver helmet and shield or spear ; Slave, brown or dark blue ; Iris, green or red robe with green drapery, and violet scarf on head.

The costumes should be made of soft fabrics—silk, wool, or cheese-cloth. Gauze should be used for Iris, and a rainbow effect produced if possible.

The pedestal upon which Pandora stands should be smoothly covered with material like her robe. Her face and arms should retain their natural appearance. Her hair should be waved and loosely twisted at the crown of the head, and softened with powder but not made perfectly white.

A design for Mercury's caduceus can be found in any pictorial dictionary, but a simple winged wand will answer the purpose.

The casket should be a box of antique appearance, small enough to be carried in one hand. The altar may be made of a tall, narrow box covered with stone-colored muslin. If an antique lamp cannot be obtained, conceal a candle in a small bronze urn or vase. Thunder is easily produced by rattling a piece of sheet-iron.

In arranging the stage, be guided by size of room and places of entrance and exit.

ACT I.

SCENE : Workshop of VULCAN—anvil, tools, and armor lying around. Statue of PANDORA in background. Rough couch at one side of stage, back.

VULCAN [*holding hammer and chisel, or brush and palette, examining STATUE*]. Yes, 'tis finished. Another touch would mar its perfect beauty. The cold marble has in my hands assumed the form of humanity, and my skill has given the very colors of life. I

fain would place this work in a temple, where it would not only please men's eyes, but ennoble their hearts. [*Anxiously.*] But Jupiter has some subtle plan in mind, and I know not what may come to pass. I am weary. [*Throws himself upon couch.*] O Somnus! I pray thee send me sleep and pleasant dreams—the fair reward of faithful labor. [*Sleeps.*]

[*Enter MINERVA, goes to right of STATUE.*]

MINERVA [*right hand uplifted*]. At the command of Jupiter, I endue thee [*places right hand upon breast of STATUE*] with the breath of life. [*STATUE breathes visibly. MINERVA moves slightly away. VULCAN awakes and watches unobserved.*] Lift those drooping eyelids. [*STATUE opens her eyes.*] Descend. [*STATUE steps down slowly in bewildered surprise. MINERVA makes gesture of presentation toward audience.*] A living woman! [*Both advance, MINERVA crossing back of STATUE toward left.*] Receive from gods and goddesses the knowledge and power befitting mortals, the grace and skill of noble womanhood. Having all gifts, thou shalt be called Pandora.

PANDORA [*in wondering surprise*]. I shall be called Pandora, the “all-gifted.” O sweet life! O beauteous world! What a flood of ecstasy rushes through my heart. [*To MINERVA.*] Majestic being, tell me thy name.

MIN. I am Minerva, goddess of strength and wisdom.

PAN. [*kneeling*]. I will worship thee evermore.

MIN. [*raising PANDORA*]. Rise, for Mercury, the messenger of the gods, will speedily be present to conduct thee to Epimetheus, whose wife thou shalt be.

PAN. I shall bless his home.

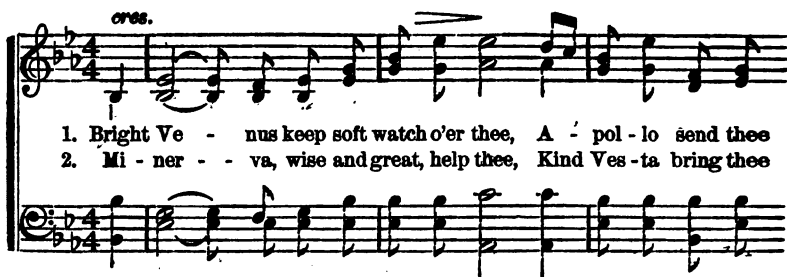
MIN. Thou hast power to do so. Each day will bring its duties, but each day will bring ability to perform them.

PAN. Duties! Ah, I shrink from that word.

MIN. Thy fear will not avail thee to escape them, Pandora. Thou couldst not be gifted with reason and remain free from duties and responsibilities. In time of perplexity seek my counsel. Neglect not my temples and altars.

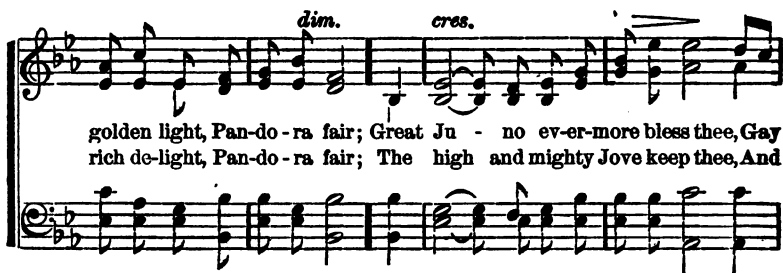
PANDORA.

cres.

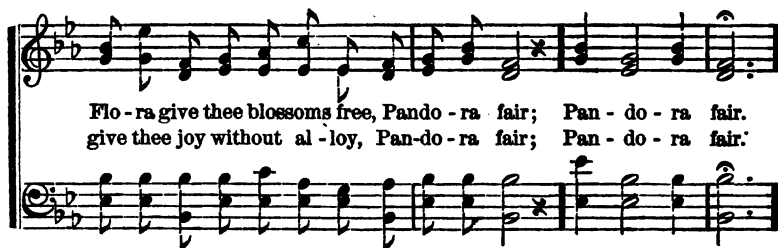


1. Bright Ve - nus keep soft watch o'er thee, A - pol - lo send thee
2. Mi - ner - - va, wise and great, help thee, Kind Ves - ta bring thee

dim. *cres.*



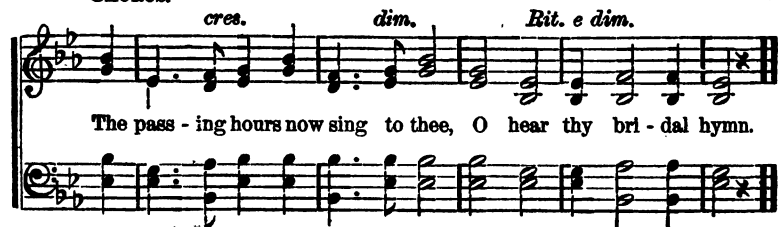
golden light, Pan-do - ra fair; Great Ju - no ev-er-more bless thee, Gay
rich de-light, Pan-do - ra fair; The high and mighty Jove keep thee, And



Flo - ra give thee blossoms free, Pando - ra fair; Pan - do - ra fair.
give thee joy without al - loy, Pan-do - ra fair; Pan - do - ra fair.

CHORUS.

cres. *dim.* *Rit. e dim.*



The pass - ing hours now sing to thee, O hear thy bri - dal hymn.

[*Exit MINERVA. Enter MERCURY, holding casket in right hand and wand in left.*]

MERCURY. Jupiter, king of the gods, from his golden palace on lofty Olympus sends thee this casket, Pandora. [*Gives casket to PANDORA.*] Thou shalt present it to Epimetheus, and ye must guard it unopened. Come. [*Notes of music.*] Even now the Hours, as they wing their flight, are beginning thy bridal hymn.

[*Chorus behind scene. PANDORA listens in various attitudes of astonishment, and at the concluding notes goes out with MERCURY.*]

CHORUS. [*See page 4, "Bright Venus," etc.*]

VUL. [*rising*]. The decrees of Jupiter are irresistible.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: House of EPIMETHEUS, richly adorned. Altar with lamp upon it. Curtained recess at one end of stage concealing a table. Small table near front. EPIMETHEUS reclining on luxurious couch in background. Slave kneeling by couch, presenting a salver containing a silver cup.

EPIMETHEUS [*dismissing slave after drinking*]. Still I am in doubt [*rises and comes forward*] as to the purport of the message sent by my brother Prometheus,—“The gods prepare a snare for thee.” A strange disquietude fills my heart. The gods shall not entrap me. I will accept no gift from them.

[*Enter MERCURY leading PANDORA.*]

MER. Epimetheus, behold thy wife Pandora.

EPI. [*rapturously, taking both of Pandora's hands*]. Lovely mortal, welcome.

[*Exit MERCURY. EPIMETHEUS and PANDORA advance toward front.*]

Welcome to this house, which has always seemed beautiful to me; but now I know that it was incomplete without thy presence.

[*PANDORA silently presents casket. EPIMETHEUS places it carelessly upon table near front of stage.*]

EPL. I can look at nothing but thee, Pandora.

PAN. This house is beautiful, Epimetheus, and thou art noble. Oh, the joy of life!

EPL. Let us not forget the superior divinities. Boy—a bowl of wine.

[Enter slave bearing silver goblet, which he presents to EPI-METHEUS.]

EPL. *[leading PANDORA to altar, and holding aloft the wine]*. O Juno, Queen of Olympus and Goddess of Marriage, accept a libation from this happy home. *[Pours wine upon ground in front of altar, and gives cup to slave.]* Bring hither a taper also. *[Slave goes out, and immediately returns with a lighted taper. EPIMETHEUS lights lamp on altar.]* O Vesta, guardian of the hearth and home, may this light be sacred to thee forevermore!

[Exit slave with taper. PANDORA and EPIMETHEUS walk about.]

EPL. *[looking at casket]*. How camest thou by this casket?

PAN. It was sent by Jupiter *[EPIMETHEUS starts]*, who commanded that we guard it unopened.

EPL. Unopened? 'Tis delicately wrought. Unopened! Well, then, let us place it behind these curtains. *[Conceals casket in the recess.]* There let it rest.

PAN. May I freely enjoy the treasures in this house, Epimetheus?

EPL. Everything is thine, Pandora. Do what pleases thee. When thou art weary of the house, walk forth into the garden. The flowers will pale beside thy glowing beauty, and the music of the birds will seem harsh when contrasted with thy thrilling tones.

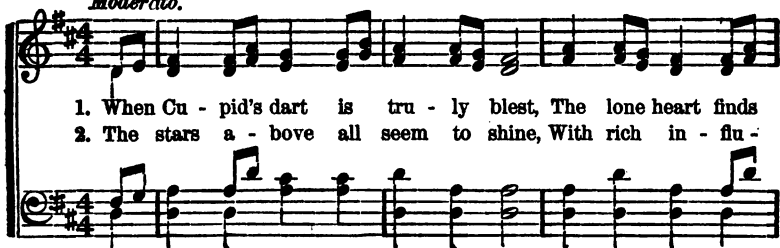
PAN. Oh, I lack words to express my emotions.

EPL. Thou must hear music. Boy! *[Slave enters.]* Summon the musicians to the threshold. *[Slave goes out.]* When the heart cannot express its fulness in words, it is relieved by the varying notes of a tuneful instrument, or, perchance, by the melodious accents of some careless singer.

PANDORA.

7

Moderato.



1. When Cu - pid's dart is tru - ly blest, The lone heart finds
2. The stars a - bove all seem to shine, With rich in - flu -



peace-ful rest, In love. Di - an - a's soft and sil - v'ry light Doth
ence di - vine, To love. O ar - dent youth, and maiden fair, Be -



shed a pur - er ray; A - pol - lo's bright and
cause ye tru - ly love; May ye ne'er know dis -



dim. *rit.*
gold - en beam, Far more won - der - ful doth seem, To love.
tress - ing fear, May no anx - ious care draw near, True love.

[*Chorus behind scene. EPIMETHEUS and PANDORA seat themselves, PANDORA arranging flowers, but listening to music.*]

CHORUS. [*See page 7, "When Cupid's dart," etc.*]

PAN. The gods have blessed us, Epimetheus. [*Rises and places flowers upon altar. EPIMETHEUS, sitting alone, sighs absently.*]
Why dost thou sigh? Why art thou dejected? What causes thine anxiety?

EPI. Pandora, my heart is troubled because of that casket. I had warning that the gods were preparing a snare for me.

PAN. Have I brought trouble to thy house?

EPI. Nay, comfort thyself, dearest Pandora. It cannot be that the warning points to thee. Surely peace and joy attend thy footsteps. But the casket—I know not—

PAN. Is it thine only cause of anxiety?

EPI. Mine only cause.

PAN. Art thou satisfied with me? Tell me truly!

EPI. Thou dost fill with contentment the heart which before was lonely.

PAN. Canst thou not forget the casket?

EPI. Indeed, I cannot.

PAN. Then I will remedy the evil.

EPI. What wouldst thou do? I understand not thy wild words.

PAN. I will open the casket that we may know the worst.
[*Attempts to rush toward recess, EPIMETHEUS restraining her.*]

EPI. Nay, nay, proceed not rashly, Pandora! Thou darest not.

PAN. I dare do anything to drive away the cloud I have brought to this house. [*Rushes to recess, tearing apart the curtains.*] Disclose thy secret! Let the consequences fall upon my head.

[*Reaches into recess in such a manner as to prevent audience from actually seeing the casket. Forces open the lid. Thunder, and confused cries behind scene.*]

PAN. Ah, me! Ah, me! [*Falls senseless into the arms of EPIMETHEUS.*]

CURTAIN.

1. Be-cause thou dost re - pent thee, A - pol - lo hear thy
2. Kind Ves - ta now re - claim thee, Mi - ner - va lend thee

prayer; The Fu - ries now re - lease thee, Pan -
aid;.... Bright I - ris now bend o'er thee, O

do - ra, young and fair; *pf* The Fu - ries now re -
fair re - pent - ant maid; Bright I - ris now bend

lease.. thee, Pan - do - ra, young and fair.
o'er.... thee, O fair, re - pent - ant maid.....

ACT III.

SCENE: House of EPIMETHEUS. Lamp overthrown, flowers scattered, signs of desolation.

[Enter PANDORA.]

PAN. O happy heart, which but a few hours since didst beat so blithely in this bosom, where hast thou fled? In thy place has come an endless pain. The dreadful Furies, who torture guilty mortals, hiss in mine ears, and flash before mine eyes, and bewilder my steps. Had I known that such anguish could come to mortals, I could not have tasted the cup of happiness. I thought the consequences of my rash deed would fall upon me only. But evils unknown before are now rife in the world, and my name is a byword and reproach among men. More than all, I have brought trouble to him that I love. [*Weeping, throws herself upon a seat. Chorus behind scene.*]

CHORUS. [*See page 9, "Because thou dost," etc.*]

[Enter EPIMETHEUS unobserved by PANDORA.]

EPI. Why did I so annoy thee?
 'Twas I who caused thy care.
 Why did I so much tempt thee,
 Pandora true and fair?

[EPIMETHEUS advances; PANDORA seeing him, starts toward him.]

PAN. O Epimetheus! [*Shrinks away.*] Doubtless thou dost loathe me now.

EPI. Nay, think not so, Pandora. Because I love thee, I sorrow and suffer with thee.

PAN. Alas! It is love's bitterness that one cannot sin and suffer alone.

EPI. Ah! it is love's sweetness that one's deeds are rightly understood. What thou didst was done to please me. Thou didst try to brighten my life.

PAN. But instead, I have darkened the world.

EPI. I do repent my foolish anxiety.

PAN. I do repent the means whereby I tried to relieve it.

[*Enter IRIS.*]

EPI. Behold—a goddess. Look up, dearest Pandora. She wears no frown, she shows no scorn.

IRIS. I am Iris. I have come among men to help them bear the evils now troubling the world. I will assist all mortals, though they may not be aware of my presence, and I shall never leave them while they draw the breath of life. I bid ye hope.

EPI. and PAN. Hope?

IRIS. Ye cannot be as ye were. The consequences of your guilt will not pass away. But your hearts may yet know happiness, your house may once more open its doors to the glorious sun.

EPI. Direct us, O heavenly harbinger of comfort.

[*MINERVA appears at entrance.*]

IRIS. Nay, not I. Minerva stands at the threshold.

[*MINERVA advances. Tableau: EPIMETHEUS and PANDORA centre, IRIS at one side, MINERVA at the other.*]

MIN. [*to PANDORA*]. Ah, child! thy presumptuous folly soon put an end to thy happiness. And thou, Epimetheus! thy boasted security was not sufficient for thine emergency. But away with reproaches! To gain the blessings foretold ye by Iris, ye must appease the Furies. Repair to their temple, deck their altars with the fragrant narcissus, and offer the grateful sacrifice of the black sheep and the turtle-dove. In this home pour out daily a libation of honey mingled with water from the pure fountain.

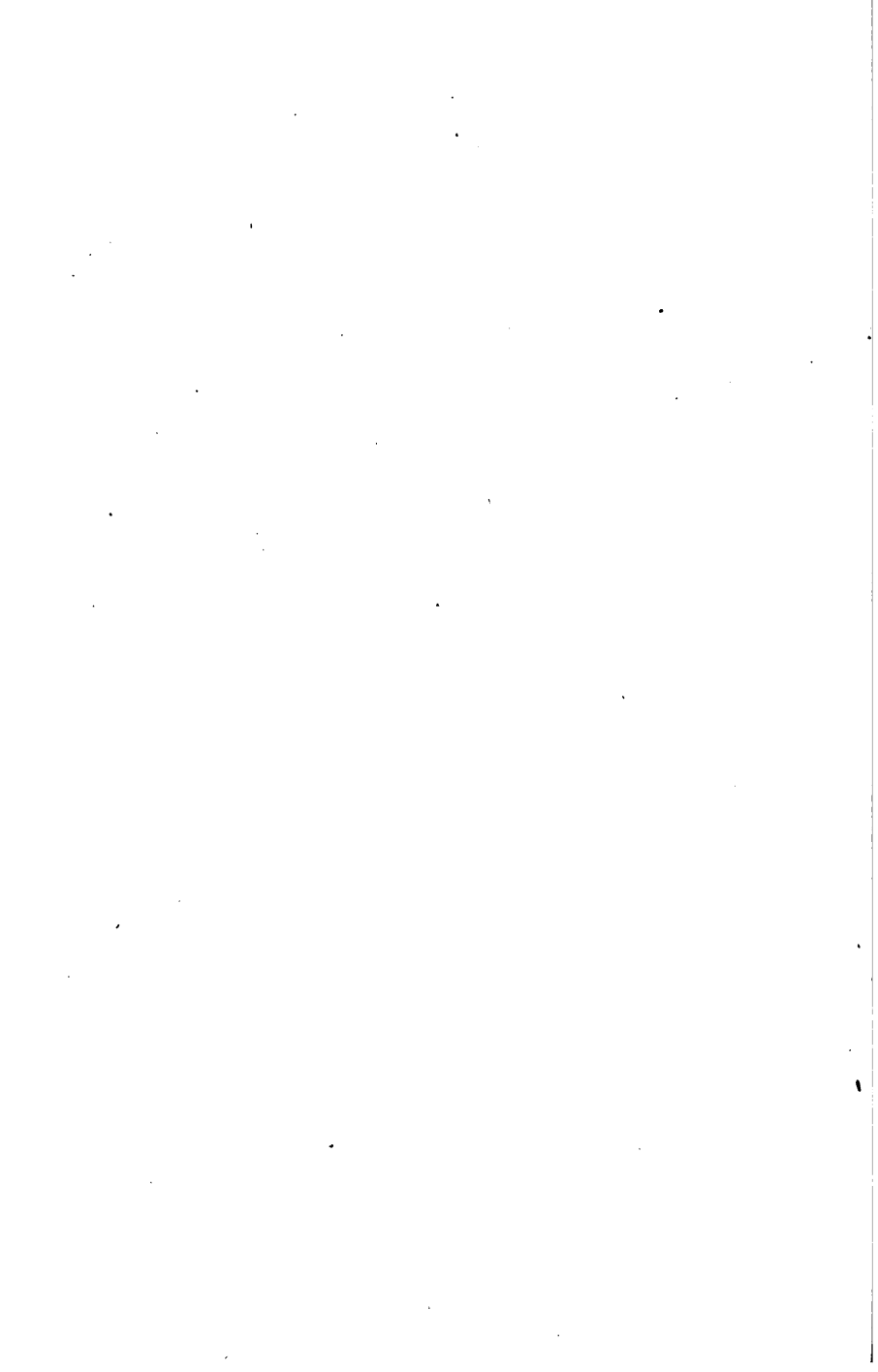
IRIS. So doing, ye shall find happiness.

EPI. Happiness!

PAN. [*uplifting her hands*]. O heavenly hope! My heart is created anew.

[*While speaking, PANDORA slowly drops her hands, and EPIMETHEUS extends his to receive them. Tableau.*]

CURTAIN.



THESEUS

A MYTHOLOGICAL PLAY FOR PARLOR AND SCHOOL

In Five Acts

SIXTEEN MALES AND SEVENTEEN FEMALES, NOBLES, AMAZONS, ETC.

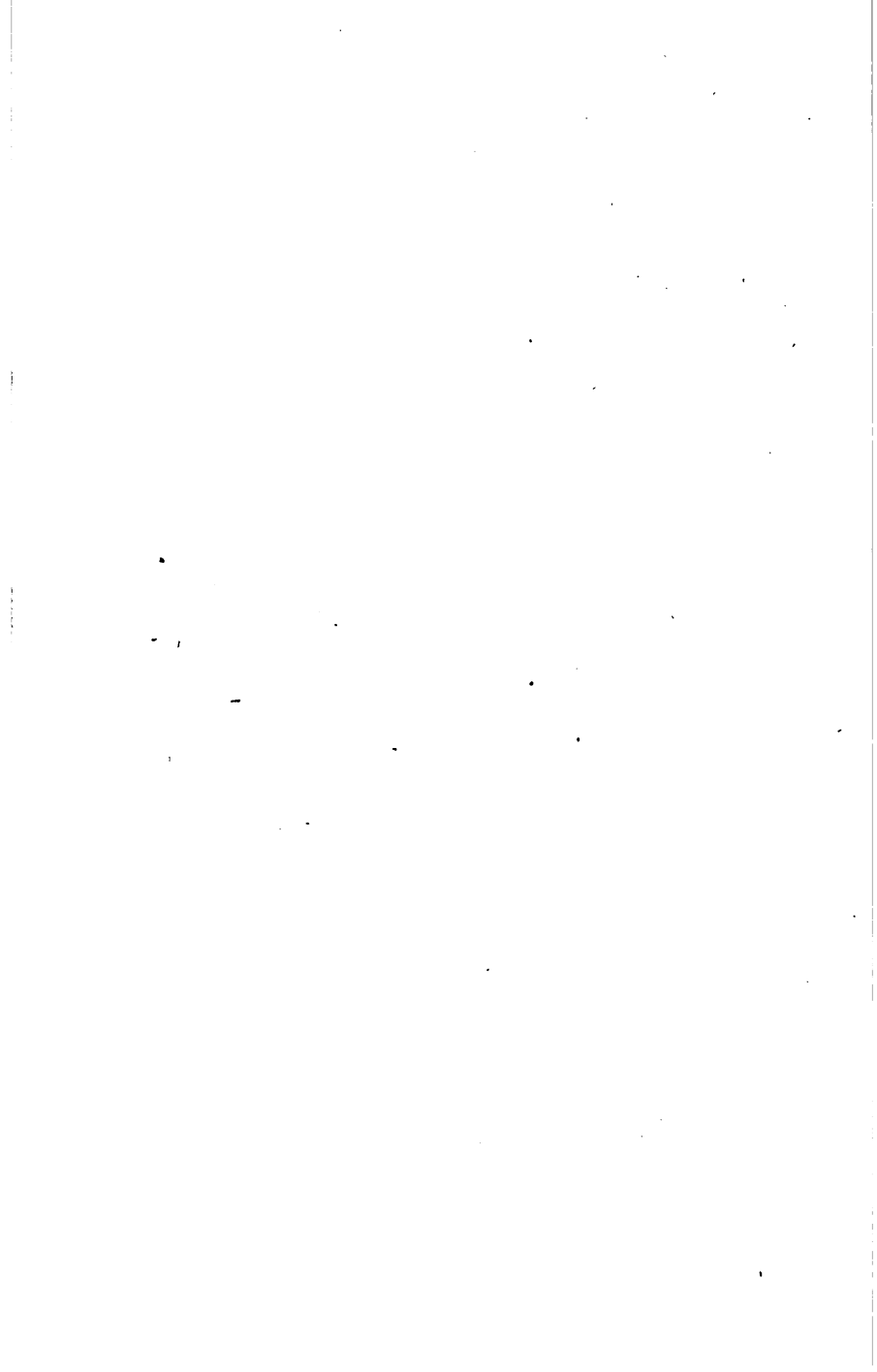
By M. NATALINE CRUMPTON

AUTHOR OF "PANDORA," "CERES"



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THESEUS.

A PLAY FOR PARLOR AND SCHOOL.

IN FIVE ACTS.

By M. NATALINE CRUMPTON.

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.—Palace garden at Troezen. Theseus has had a banquet in honor of his birthday. He finds a sword and a pair of sandals, and learns that they belonged to his father. He has never known his father, but sets forth to find him.

ACT II.—Palace at Athens. Youths and maidens have been chosen by lot to be sent as the annual tribute to the King of Crete. Ægeus, while giving audience to the victims, is surprised by the arrival of Theseus, whom he acknowledges as his son. Medea jealously plots against Theseus, and rejoices when he insists upon going in place of one of the victims.

ACT III.—Palace at Crete. Victims arrive, and are sentenced by the King. Ariadne and her companions watch this scene from a place of concealment, and Ariadne meets Theseus. She promises assistance, and consents to fly with him.

ACT IV.—Grove on the Isle of Naxos. Theseus brings Ariadne here, and, in obedience to Minerva, leaves her and goes to fight the Amazons.

ACT V.—Grove near Athens. Theseus, having conquered the Amazons, comes with a few attendants, bringing Hippolyta and other Amazons. Pausing for permission to enter Athens, Theseus learns that Ægeus is dead, and that the people are eager to receive and crown him. He institutes the great festival of Minerva.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, grandson to the King of Troezen, and son to Ægeus.	CRESSA, }	friends to Ariadne.
ÆGEUS, King of Athens.	ELISSA, }	
MINOS, King of Crete.	DORIS, }	
LYCUS, }	HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons.	
IARBAS, }	MINERVA, Goddess of War and Wisdom.	
DYMAS, servant to Theseus.	1st Grace.	
PYRRHUS, a noble of Athens.	2d Grace.	
1st Noble of Crete.	3d Grace.	
2d Noble of Crete.	SEVEN YOUTHS, }	Victims.
MEDEA, wife to Ægeus.	SEVEN MAIDENS, }	
ARIADNE, daughter to Minos.		
Guests, Nobles, Guards, Slaves, Amazons, Attendants.		

Designs for Greek robes are easily obtained from statues and pictures. Unless sandals are worn, the robes should be long enough to hide the feet. A simple costume may be arranged by making, for the undergarment, a wrapper gathered loosely at the neck, with short, close-fitting sleeve. For the drapery use a straight piece, twice as long as the height of the wearer, about a third as wide as it is long. Drape according to taste.

The robes should be made of soft fabrics; cheese-cloth is very suitable.

Colors and decorations: Theseus, crimson, banded with gold; in Act III. white: Ægeus, black, trimmed with gold, gold crown; Minos, purple, trimmed with gold, gold crown; Lycus and Iarbas, green; Dymas, black, hair powdered; Pyrrhus, green, trimmed with gold; Guests and Nobles, violet; Medea, purple, trimmed with gold in Wall of Troy pattern, gold crown; Ariadne, pale blue, trimmed with gold; Cressa, Elissa and Doris, scarlet; Hippolyta, orange, banded with crimson; Minerva, pale blue, trimmed with silver, spear and helmet; The Graces, pink; Victims, white; Guards, black, long spears; Attendants to Theseus in Act V., black undergarments, orange drapery; Amazons, orange; Slaves, brown.

A large rock, irregular in shape, may be made by fitting together some wooden boxes and covering the structure with stone-colored muslin. The sword and sandals, which are supposed to be hidden under the rock, may be placed directly behind it. Sandals may be made by covering a pair of pasteboard soles with leather-colored muslin, and attaching straps of the same material. For Act IV. a long, low green bank or terrace must be arranged toward the back of the stage. In the last act, the march of the Amazons and the Attendants should be as elaborate as the size of the stage will permit. The Amazons and the Attendants should be equal in number for this march.

ACT I.

SCENE : Garden of the palace at Troezen. A rock at one side, back.

[*Enter THESEUS garlanded with ivy, LYOUS and IARBAS garlanded with roses.*]

THESEUS [*to Guests within the palace*]. Come forth, my friends, and taste the sweet, cool air of night.

[*Enter Guests garlanded with roses.*]

IARBAS. The cool silence of the garden is indeed refreshing, since we have had the banquet's heated mirth; and see, Diana smiles.

LYCIOUS [*laying his hand on Theseus's shoulder*]. It is a close most fair to this thy birthday bright.

[*Guests sing.*]

Andantino.
Con espress. p

1. With peace and beauty bright, The moon is gleaming;
2. In sports thou didst ex-cel, Didst win great mer-it;

See how her pure light On us is beaming. With peace and beauty bright,
Thy crown doth suit well, O vic-tor, wear it! In sports thou didst ex-cel,

THESEUS.

The moon is gleaming; See how her pure light On us is beaming. Now let us
Didst win great mer - it; Thy crown doth suit well, O vic - tor, wear it! Af - ter this

sing a - gain The gladsome birthday strain, Honor to Theseus, honor to Theseus;
day's delight, Af - ter the feast to - night, Honor to Theseus, honor to Theseus;

Now let us sing again The gladsome birthday strain, Hon - or to Theseus,
Af - ter this day's delight, Af - ter the feast to - night, Hon - or to Theseus,

hon - or to Theseus!
hon - or to Theseus!

THE. Again, I thank ye all. Unto mine ear such kindly words are sweet; unto my heart such loving friends are dear. But my performance is not ended yet; I must make one more trial of my strength.

LY. It will delight us.

IAR. But what wilt thou essay?

THE. This will not be birthday sport; this trial may be fraught with fate.

LY. What meanest thou?

IAR. Thy words are riddles.

THE. But hear me now interpret them. In childhood's days my glowing fancy was fed on tales of bravery related by my loving mother. From time to time I heard strange rumors of some new deed of mighty daring, done by the valiant Hercules; which, added to my mother's words, aroused me to attempt, from year to year, some feats most difficult for boyhood.

LY. Ah, wondrous strong
A mother's song!
Her accents light
Have unknown might.

IAR. Her words, though mild,
Stay with her child,
And e'en have power
In manhood's hour.

THE. With tenderest solicitude my mother watched my growing strength, and oftentimes did she say: "My son, thou, too, shalt seek renown, shalt seek, through deeds, renown, when thou hast strength enough to move aside the stone, the stone in the palace court."

IAR. A feat impossible!

LY. Those words were but the idle prophecy of fondest mother's dreaming hours; and since her death they have become to thee a forceful, mystic memory. But why are they recalled to-night, amid festivities so bright?

THE. Dymas, hither. My faithful slave shall tell ye why.
 [Enter DYMAS.] Explain unto these noble guests the errand thou hast done.

DYMAS. My master lately bade me go unto the sacred shrine at Delphi, to question that great oracle, and gather omens for his natal day. But little knowledge did I gain; brief and strange was the response: "Beneath a stone, the palace stone, shall Theseus find a father."

IAR. A father! 'Neath that stone a father!

LY. Oh! wonderful, mysterious, alluring! Thou shouldst seek some interpreter. It is not meant for thee to move that stone.

THE. [going toward the stone]. I shall at once make bold attempt. O, Mercury, I look to thee for strength to do the deed.

DY. Wilt thou not have a torch?

THE. Nay, nay, for what I do the moon gives light enough. Thou rock, to me made sacred by childhood's blessed memories, and lately rendered ominous by reason of the oracle [*pushes rock*], now yield thy treasure; now yield thy treasure. [*Rock moves slowly.*] Confide thy secret!

ALL. 'Tis done! 'tis done!

THE. Now, what is here?

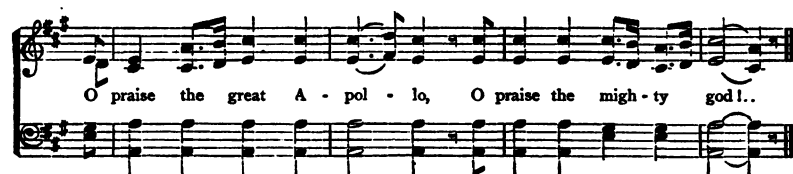
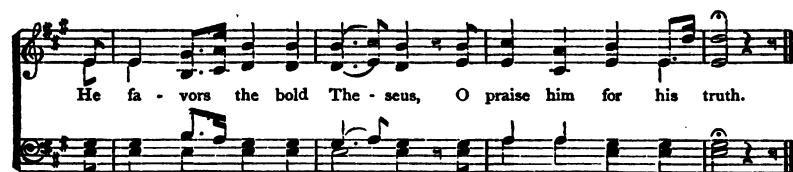
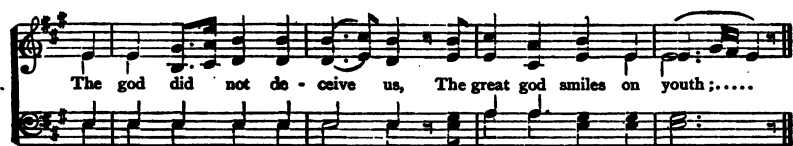
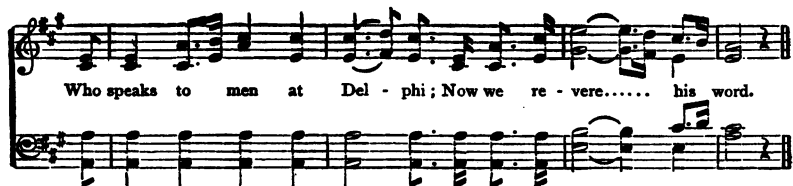
DY. A sword and sandals. [*Presents them to THESEUS.*]

THE. These tell me nothing. But stay, a name—the name is "Ægeus!"

DY. It is thy father's name! I've heard it from thy mother's lips.

[*Guests sing.*]





LY. *Ægeus* now is King of Athens.

IAR. Oh, can it be thou art his son? Why would thy royal grandfather, our most august and honored king, conceal from thee this fact?

THE. I know not why. I once did question him, but in reply

he said to me: "Thy father was my enemy; I know him not, I know him not."

LY. Age is often strangely selfish, concealing what it should reveal.

IAR. Clearly, thou must seek the King of Athens, and show to him these tokens.

THE. At morning light I bid farewell unto my royal grandfather. Iarbas, take my place when I am gone. To-morrow morn I must depart.

IAR. To-morrow morn?

LY. So soon? But yet, we must not bid thee stay.

IAR. Fail not to send us news of thy adventures and success, and quickly come to us again.

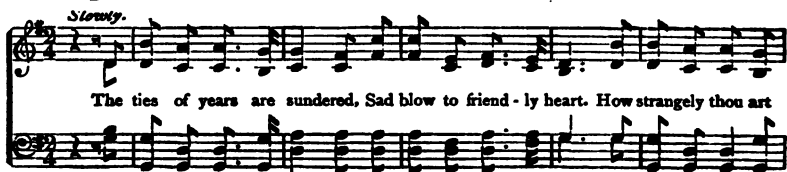
LY. For safety, thou must go by sea; the country north is full of robbers.

THE. Lycus, speak not of safety. I seek to rival Hercules 'tis danger that I court.

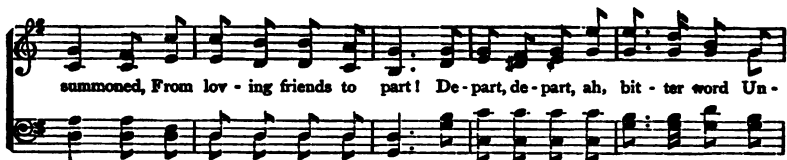
LY. Swift be thy sandals, trusty thy sword.

[*Guests sing.*]

Slowly.



The ties of years are sundered, Sad blow to friend - ly heart. How strangely thou art



summoned, From lov - ing friends to part! De-part, de-part, ah, bit - ter word Un -



- to the lov - ing ear! Yet go, yet go, O The - seus, We would not keep thee



[*During the singing of the last few lines, THESEUS embraces his friends.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II

SCENE : Hall of Justice in the palace at Athens. **ÆGEUS** and **MEDEA** seated on a throne. **PYRRHUS** and other nobles standing near **ÆGEUS**.

ÆGEUS. And now returns the sad, sad day,
When to the cruel Cretan king
Must Athens her pledged tribute pay.

[*to PYRRHUS*]

And now must thou the victims bring.

[*PYRRHUS goes out, the other nobles withdraw slightly and converse together.*]

ÆG. [*to MEDEA*]. I cannot tell howe'er it was, the King of Crete gained such advantage o'er me. Whene'er this sad, sad day comes round, I am ashamed to be a king.

MEDEA. The lives of his subjects, a king has the right to demand. With nations it is ever thus.

[*Distant lamentation.*]

ÆG. Lo, now they come! Dost thou not pity them?

MED. As I pity a thousand woes for which I have no remedy.

[*Enter PYRRHUS, followed by Guards and seven Youths and seven Maidens.*]

[*Victims sing first stanza of chorus on page 10.*]

1. Sing we a song of woe to-day, Our na-tive land now we leave;
2. Vain are thy words, no ease they bring, The bro-ken heart finds no balm.

We must be-come the spoil-er's prey, And our fair youth we must give.
No life se-cure from ter-ror's sting, Can speak to us words of calm.

agitato.

f Weep, for the ship now is rea-dy To bear us far o'er the white
To say "Grieve not," ah, how ea-sy For those who have no cause to

a tempo.

foam ;..... The black, black sails are most ea-ger, To
grieve !..... For us ye sure must feel pi-ty, As

rit.

waft us a-way from our home, To waft us a-way from our home.
our na-tive land thus we leave, As our na-tive land thus we leave.

ÆG. [*rising*]. Hearken, hearken, O, my people! Toward your grief my heart is gentle, for I know well ye have good cause to weep; yet list to me, your own king, Ægeus. The lot by chance hath fallen on ye to pay this year the debt of Athens.

[*Victims sing last half of first stanza on page 10: "Weep, for the ship," etc.*]

ÆG. Find comfort in this soothing thought,—ye save your city from a siege; ye few give peace and safety unto many; your names shall live in memory forevermore, forevermore. When as a kingdom we are stronger grown, we shall, with haughty voice, defy the King of Crete. As yet, there is but one sad course—to pay the tribute and keep the word wrung from your king in direst stress of war.

MED. [*rising*]. By fate ye are most highly favored. To save your city ye are chosen; twice sevenfold shall save a multitude; the promise of your king ye shall redeem; ye shall be honored by your city; the lustre of your names shall ne'er be dimmed. O chosen, chosen, grieve not, but rejoice!

[*Victims sing second stanza of chorus on page 10. During this song a slave enters and speaks to PYRRHUS, who converses with ÆGEUS. Slave goes out.*]

ÆG. [*to Victims*]. Ye must prepare to sail at noonday. May all the fav'ring gods be with ye.

[*Signals the Guards to take away the Victims, and converses aside with PYRRHUS. Victims depart, singing last half of first stanza on page 10, beginning "The black, black sails," etc. PYRRHUS goes out.*]

ÆG. [*to Nobles*]. A stranger is at hand. Compose yourselves in order, for we will give him audience.

[*Speaks privately to some of the Nobles.*]

MED. [*aside*]. O never failing voice of prophecy, thou tellest me with awful certainty of woe to come. The footsteps of this

stranger are most hateful; they bring to me a grief unknown before.

ÆG. [*Approaching her*]. Medea, to thy place beside me. I humbly pray thee let me lead thee.

[*They take their places on the throne. PYRRHUS enters with THESEUS.*]

PYRRHUS. King Ægeus, a stranger.

[*THESEUS bows.*]

ÆG. Welcome, noble stranger. Thy bearing pleaseth me, insuring thee a double welcome.

MED. A treble welcome; I add mine.

[*THESEUS bows to MEDEA.*]

THESEUS. [*to ÆGEUS*]. My name, and whence and why I come, perhaps thou may'st divine, O king, when thou dost look upon the gifts I bring.

[*He unfolds the sandals from a silken case, draws his sword and holds the hilt toward ÆGEUS, who looks at it a moment. ÆGEUS then descends, and, taking the tokens, examines them carefully. Meantime MEDEA speaks aside.*]

MED. Ah, ill-starred queen! Here is my rival. Broken is my sway.

ÆG. Where didst thou find these? Speak, and tell me.

THE. I pushed aside the palace stone at Trœzenē.

ÆG. [*embracing THESEUS*]. My son, my son, mine only son! It is my sword, they are my sandals. I placed them underneath the stone when parting with thy youthful mother, arranging, at the same time, with her, that whene'er thou couldst obtain them then thou shouldst seek me were I still away. Thy mother early died, and I—how strange to tell—ne'er sought that land again!

THE. Nay, father, king, be not distressed. Lift up thy head, the past is past; take comfort in the present.

ÆG. In thee, my son, I shall take comfort. My queen, thou know'st the story of my life—receive my son.

MED. [*extending her hand to THESEUS*]. None more proud than I to do him honor.

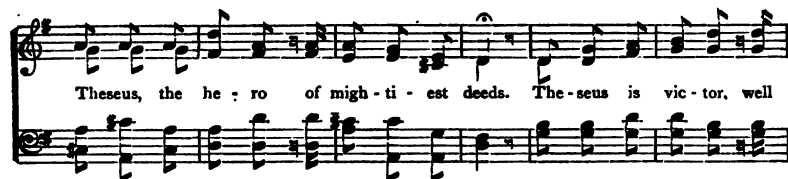
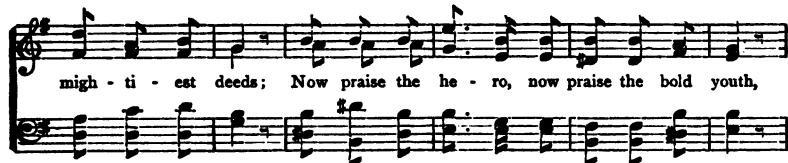
ÆG. So young, didst thou upon thy way encounter danger serious?

THE. I've passed through combats fierce and dread, and won each time a victory. Strong Periphetes's iron club, is mine perforce, and he is dead.

ÆG. Now, praise the hero!

THE. Yet more, I've slain Procrustes, who stretched his victims on the iron bed.

[*All except THESEUS sing.*]



[*Chorus of Victims in the distance.*]

THE. What means that distant sound of grief, a contrast sad to this bright song of praise?

ÆG. Alas, my son, I'll tell thee true. But first I must present thee to these friends.

[*Leads THESEUS to the Nobles and presents him; they converse.*]

MED. [*aside, during presentation*]. Presumptuous youth, ungrateful king! Shall I be superseded now? More mighty obstacles I have surmounted; I lack not means to rid myself of rivals. Shall I, the famed sorceress, Medea, be thwarted in my plans by him, by him, a soft and smiling youth? No, not until my hand hath lost its craft; no, not until earth's herbs refuse their juice; no, not until my vials dry are drained!

THE. [*to ÆGEUS*]. Let me make one of them.

MED. [*aside*]. Of him shall I be rid, and yet not soil my hand? I must make sure of him.

THE. [*remonstrating with ÆGEUS and the Nobles*]. Nay, I must go; I must with bold and brave attempt set free the city from this tax.

ÆG. No, no, the number for this year is chosen; thou must not go; black sails are not for thee.

THE. The youngest youth shall stay at home, and I will go. If I do fail, then art thou as before; if I succeed, what glory have I won!

[*Embraces ÆGEUS, who still tries to detain him.*]

"Black sails," didst thou say, my father? When I return victorious, white sails the ship shall spread, and send my news before. Conduct me to the shore, O Pyrrhus!

[*Rushes out, followed by PYRRHUS. ÆGEUS falls upon the throne, the Nobles hasten to him. MEDEA stands in exultation.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE : Hall of Justice in the palace at Crete. Throne; a screen, or tall vases, in a corner ; some benches, a table heaped with loose leaves and flowers. Slaves departing, ARIADNE and CRESSA seat themselves by the table, and begin to make wreaths.

[Enter DORIS with embroidery, and ELISSA with lute.]

ARIADNE [to DORIS and ELISSA]. This night my father gives a banquet, and I have told the slaves that we would weave the garlands for the guests. So let us have your company. My father has consented to the plan.

[DORIS and CRESSA seat themselves.]

DORIS. King Minos is most generous.

CRESSA. How pleasant in this great hall !

AR. Sing, Elissa.

ELISSA [*playing a prelude*]. Join, me, Doris.

EL. and DOR. [*duet.*]

p Lively.

Here are fresh, blooming flow - ers, This air is mild and sweet ; Soft go the passing

hours, In our be - lov - ed Crete. How soft - ly, how sweet - ly Glides

on the passing day ; How light - ly, how gai - ly, We while the hours a - way.

[ARIADNE *lays aside a choice bud.*]

CRES. Why dost thou lay that lovely bud aside?

AR. To gratify a fancy, Cressa.

CRES. What fancy canst thou have for guests unknown to thee, for guests thou shalt not see?

ELIS. It may be thou art wrong. Perchance some guest invited by the King is known to Ariadne.

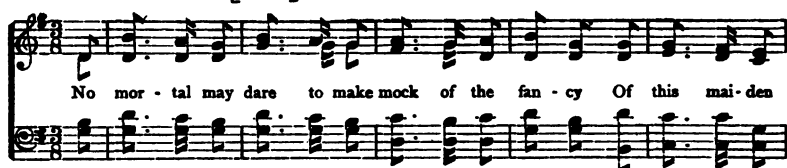
AR. [*laying aside another bud*]. Nay, thou art wrong, Elissa. About this banquet I know nothing more than any other banquet of the King. I thought we should delight to weave the garlands, to while away a weary, weary hour.

CRES. Yet thou hast spoken of a fancy.

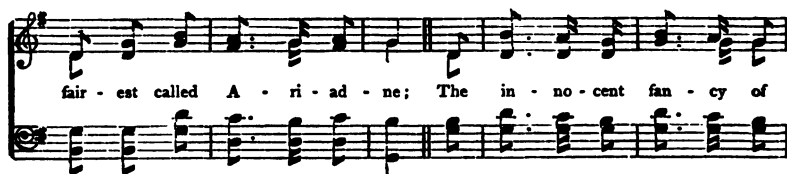
AR. Yea, suddenly I thought to make one wreath of choicest buds, with special care, and bid the slaves observe who wears it.

[*Selecting other flowers, she begins a new wreath.* ELISSA *plays a prelude, then she and DORIS sing.*]

EL. and DOR. [*duet*].



No mor - tal may dare to make mock of the fan - cy Of this mai - den



fair - est called A - ri - ad - ne; The in - no - cent fan - cy of



fair A - ri - ad - ne, The in - no - cent fan - cy of this mai - den fair.

AR. Well sung, maidens.

CRES. To attend a banquet would be most delightful.

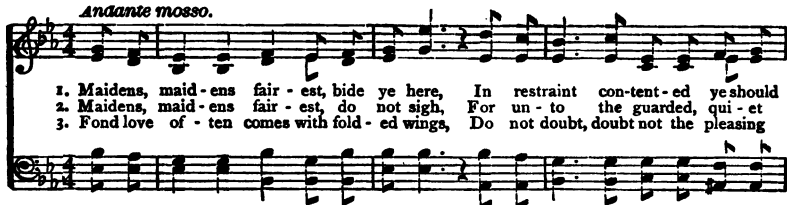
DOR. I have no wish to do so.

AR. A change I sometimes do desire. My pulse beats fast at sound of revelry.

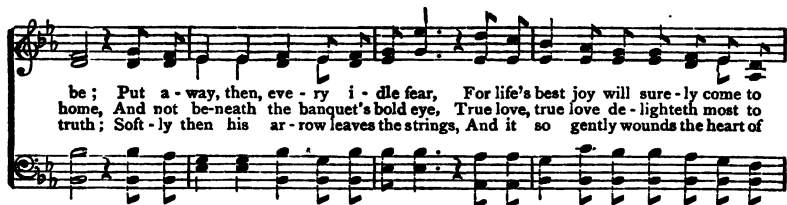
[ELISSA plays on her lute, then she and DORIS sing.]

ELIS. and DOR. sing two stanzas.

Andante mosso.



1. Maidens, maid - ens fair - est, bide ye here, In restraint con - tent - ed ye should
2. Maidens, maid - ens fair - est, do not sigh, For un - to the guarded, qui - et
3. Fond love of - ten comes with fold - ed wings, Do not doubt, doubt not the pleasing



be ; Put a - way, then, eve - ry i - dle fear, For life's best joy will sure - ly come to
home, And not be - neath the banquet's bold eye, True love, true love de - lighteth most to
truth ; Soft - ly then his ar - row leaves the strings, And it so gently wounds the heart of



ye. Maidens fair - est, maid - ens fair - est, In restraint con - tent - ed ye should
come, Love the tru - est, love the fond - est, Oft - times com - eth to the qui - et
youth. With wings fold - ed, with wings fold - ed, Love oft com - eth to the qui - et



be ; Maidens fair - est, sweetest and fair - est, Fond love, fond love will surely come to ye.
home ; Love the tru - est, yea, love the fondest, Chooseth oft - times most quiet - ly to come.
home ; With wings folded, yea, with wings folded, Love the fondest doth oft - times choose to come.

AR. Are those words true, Elissa?

CRES. Cease not the gentle strain.

[ELIS. and DOR. sing last stanza of song on page 17.]

CRES. In charming melodies your dainty thoughts are uttered.

AR. Look forth into the garden. Pray, doth the dial's shadow mark the middle of the afternoon?

CRES. It doth.

AR. We must give up our work. The black-sailed ship this morn was seen, and must be now in port. I heard the proclamation from the King. The coming victims he will meet within this hall this afternoon.

ELIS. [looking forth]. E'en now they come. What shall we do?

AR. Quick, quick, let us withdraw!

[*They hide behind the vases or screen. Slaves enter and remove the table, and put back the chairs, then go out. They enter again with arms folded, followed by MINOS, Nobles, Guards and Victims. MINOS ascends the throne. Slaves stand back of him. Some of the Guards place themselves between the Cretan maidens and the King, and the Victims are placed so that THESEUS has a chance for speech with ARIADNE.*]

MINOS. Complain not of our cruelty, but blame your own King, Ægeus, who will not yield his town to us. Now harken to your sentence: The winding mazes of our labyrinth ye must explore, and meet its dangers.

[*Victims sing to music on page 10.*]

O mighty Jove, now behold us,
Hear our most pitiful song!
From thy great throne on Olympus,
Avenge now our cruel wrong.
Look down upon us with pity;

Send to us help, we beseech thee;
 O mighty Jove, now assist us!
 O mighty Jove, now hear our cry!
 O mighty Jove, now hear our cry!

MIN. Remain here now till sunset; [*to Nobles*] and meantime have them served with food.

[*MINOS goes out, followed by the 1st Noble, and by the slaves. The Cretan maidens retire unobserved. Some of the Victims seat themselves on the benches. Victims repeat part of chorus on page 18, "Look down upon us," etc. Enter slaves, with baskets of bread and fruit, which they distribute among the Victims. The Nobles move about, conversing with the Guards and Victims. ARIADNE enters with 1st Noble, and mingles with the throng.*]

AR. [*to 1st Noble*]. Not from this scene can I withdraw myself. I ne'er before thought of this tax, except as something just and right; but now that I behold the victims, strange pity born of horror fills my soul.

NOBLE. Thy womanly compassion honors thee.

AR. [*approaching THESEUS*]. Stranger, hast thou had food?

THE. Yea, kind maiden.

AR. Thou didst, a moment since, unto me speak of hope that stirs thy heart.

THE. A hope that I may save my people. What youth and strength may do, I shall attempt; but, maiden fair, I look to thee for help.

AR. To me? to me? What canst thou mean?

THE. The nature of our doom I have not fully learned; not clearly do I foresee what danger now awaits.

AR. By hearsay I do know it. Ashamed, I make confession that, till this hour, I ne'er to it gave thought. Now, having seen the victims, I shall ne'er be as I have been before.

THE. Ah, merciful thou art, and gracious; and most sure thou wilt lend me aid!

AR. Thy face, O stranger, and thy speech—thy bearing, also—strangely move me to think thou wilt succeed in thine attempt; and yet it is scarce possible. A dreadful human-headed bull, the Minotaur, doth roam the labyrinth—what canst thou do, O youth?

THE. A trusty sword I have, and nerve to use it.

AR. A sword—stay, stay! Perchance I yet may save thee and thy friends. I have bethought me of a charmed sword. Yes, yes, I will procure and give it thee; and thread most fair and fine I'll give, to fasten at the entrance of the maze; by means of it thou mayst retrace thy steps. These gifts concealed I'll hand to thee when from this palace thou dost forth.

THE. Great-hearted, lovely maiden, my people thou hast saved! Three days at anchor in this port our ship will wait in hopes of my success; but, thanks to thee, we shall sail home to-night more joyful than we came.

AR. [*absently*]. May favoring gales attend thy ship!

THE. Sweet maiden, thou dost give me life; wilt thou not make it rich by giving love? In this short hour I have lived years.

AR. When first I spoke with thee, I loved. I am a daughter of the King—I ask thee, who art thou?

THE. I am the son of Ægeus, King of Athens.

AR. My heart doth bid me go with thee.

THE. Contrive to watch this night, beloved, near by the gate that looks unto the sea; fear not, I'll surely come for thee. And when we plight our vows in Athens, we'll send rich embassies of peace unto thy royal father.

AR. I do trust thee.

THE. Beloved, let me hear thy name.

AR. Ariadne. What art thou called?

THE. My name is Theseus. But, now see, the guards are making ready to depart.

AR. Alas, the sun has set!

THE. To rise again, beloved. Ariadne, fare thee well!

[*ARIADNE goes out quickly. Guards arrange the Victims in procession. Victims departing sing part of chorus on page 18, beginning "Look down upon us," etc.*]

1ST NOBLE. In spite of loyalty to Minos, I pity them with all my heart.

2D NOBLE. No good can come of such foul wrong.

1ST N. I fear a curse may fall upon our land.

2D N. [*to slaves*]. These baskets now remove.

[*Slaves put the room in order.*]

1ST N. The king will hold high revelry to-night.

2D N. Yea, we must complete the preparations.

[*All go out. Enter ARIADNE.*]

AR. Within his hands I've placed them. My efforts are attended by success, which lures me farther on. Now Mars give strength to thine arm, O youth! Minerva guide the charmed sword! I must prepare to leave my home. I now do find my life so sweet that I am nerved for deeds undreamed before. My father ne'er has given me a thought; to leave him, therefore, I do feel no grief. No one will really mourn for me, except my little sister, Phædra, and she will soon forget me. From Athens daughters have been taken—now, Minos, thou must give her one.

[*Pauses, then sings softly last four lines of last stanza of song, page 17.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE: A grove on the Island of Naxos. THESEUS placing the sleeping ARIADNE on a green bank or terrace. MINERVA concealed in background.

THESEUS. Repose thou there, fair slumberer. And now I will inquire with care, and learn the will of the great gods.

[*Heaps up a little pile of stones, and gathers twigs, as if to make a fire.*]

MINERVA [*advancing*]. Stay, Theseus! Seek not to know by augury, for I, Minerva, will explain. I nerved thine arm to slay the Minotaur; I stopped thy vessel as it passed this isle, and bade thee bring unto this fruitful shore the sleeping Ariadne. The gods decree that thou shalt leave her here. Defy them not, defy them not! The wife of Bacchus she must be, the god of mirth and revelry. Disturb her not, she's not for thee.

THE. Yet I must say farewell, and tell her why I go.

MIN. [*restraining THESEUS*]. To leave her thus will easy be. To her the Graces will explain. Now rouse thyself, O Theseus brave! To Athens thou must send thy ship, and thou wilt find another craft to carry thee unto the Amazons, for Hercules awaits thee in that land. He wars against the Amazons, and looks for aid from thee. May victory attend thy steps! Let Ariadne sleep.

[*Makes gesture of warning.*]

THE. The hand of fate my steps hath stayed, and sorely is my mind perplexed. What I may not resist, I manfully accept. [*Goes softly toward ARIADNE.*] Since I must leave thee, love, I'll kiss thy hand. Farewell, farewell!

[*Rushes out; MINERVA withdraws as the GRACES enter.*]

When thou dost wak - en from thy sleep, O maid - en fair! Thou

must not weep, thou must not weep, O maid - en fair! Re - sist not e'en



AR. [*starting up*]. Where art thou, Theseus? [*Perceiving the GRACES.*] With aspect sweet ye gaze on me; who are ye? Do I dream?

1ST GRACE. Thou dost not dream, thou dost not dream. The gods, so great and powerful, to stop thy flight have interposed, and Theseus hath been forced to leave thee.

2D GRACE. Thou dost not dream, thou dost not dream, most cruel though our words do seem. Thy Theseus hath been forced to leave thee, such was the mighty Jove's decree.

3RD GRACE. Such was the mighty Jove's decree.

AR. What land is this?

1ST G. The fertile Isle of Naxos, held sacred unto Bacchus.

AR. How came I here?

1ST G. Borne from the ship by Theseus.

AR. Did Theseus leave me without sorrow?

1ST G. Nay, maiden, nay; sore grieving he was forced away.

AR. O Venus, look upon me, desolate! O Venus, queen of love, now hear me cry!

2D. G. Not desolate, thy fate is bright.

AR. How bright, with Theseus gone?

2D. G. Divine decree proclaims to thee the bride of Bacchus thou shalt be, the god of mirth and revelry.

[*ARIADNE shows interest and surprise.*]

AR. A goddess, I? It is not possible!

[GRACES sing Chorus. For music, see page 22.]

When this frail breath hath gone from thee,

O maiden fair!

By highest gods received thou'lt be,

O maiden fair!

In the sky shall thy bridal crown

'Mid the stars show brightly down,

'Mid the stars show brightly down,

O maiden fair!

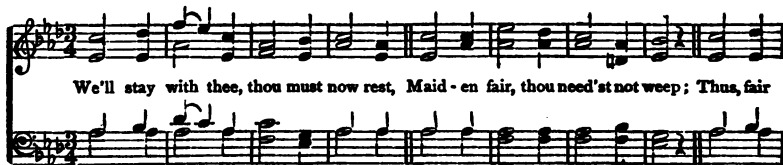
AR. [*approaching the GRACES*]. Your gentleness hath power over me; your strength is sweetly soothing unto me; I seek not to resist the great decree.

3RD G. Soon Bacchus cometh for thee.

[*ARIADNE rushes wildly toward the green bank; the GRACES follow her.*]

AR. O leave me not! While ye are near I feel no fear.

[*GRACES charm ARIADNE by waving hands, and gradually place her on the bank. They sing chorus.*]





CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE: A grove near Athens.

[*Enter THESEUS and attendants, HIPPOLYTA and other Amazons.*]

THESEUS [*advancing with HIPPOLYTA*]. Hippolyta, look yonder. There lies the city, Athens. The customs of my father's land are not to me familiar, and messengers I now have sent to ask if I may take thee, love, with all thy train, unto the royal house; we will await them here.

HIPPOLYTA. Art thou not glad to be again returning to thy kin?

THE. Yea, verily, I am; and sure am I of welcome here. My people I have served well. I have done deeds of daring bold; great Hercules is my staunch friend; and I have won Hippolyta, the dauntless Amazonian Queen.

HIP. I have led my hosts against the boldest; I have been first to sound the cry of war; I never thought to be subdued by man, still less to bow submissive to the yoke.

THE. Hush, hush! That word "submissive" hurts mine ear. Did I not offer freedom unto thee?

HIP. Yea, after I had been a prisoner. Think'st thou I could command my troops again?

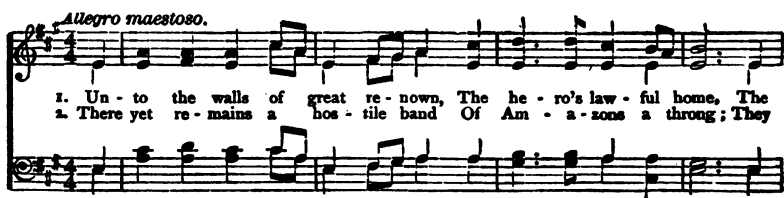
THE. Thou dost find pleasure in submission; thou dost not wish to free thyself again. Thy future life shall suit thy spirit, love, yet shall be free from all the toils of war. Thou shalt have pleasures that thou ne'er hast known, and power and homage deferential.

HIP. Within the city they will stare at me.

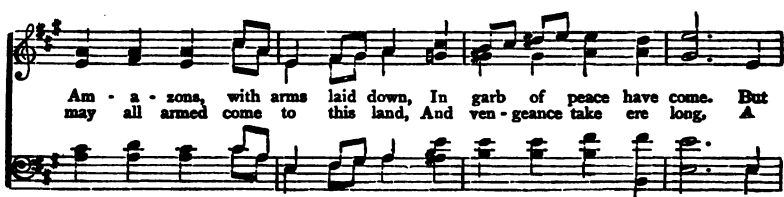
THE. With wonder, that thou art so beautiful; with joy, that I have won thee for my bride. Thy women here seem happy. [*Turning to the train of Amazons.*] List to me: My fair word I have pledged to your Queen, that no one shall be treated as a prisoner. We now await our escort to the city; shall we not fill the time with exercise?

[*All march and countermarch, etc., led by THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA, singing.*]

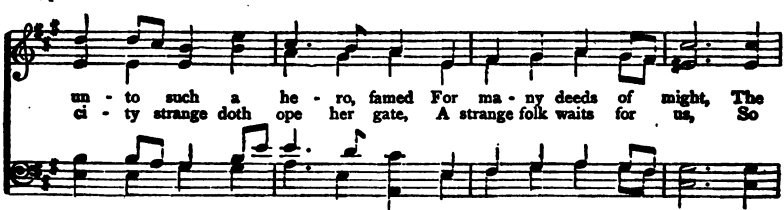
Allegro maestoso.



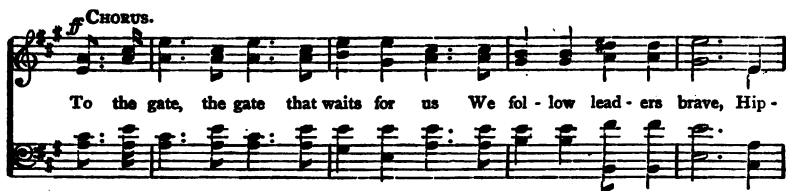
1. Un - to the walls of great re - nown, The he - ro's law - ful home, The
2. There yet re - mains a hos - tile band Of Am - a - zons a throng; They



Am - a - zons, with arms laid down, In garb of peace have come. But
may all armed come to this land, And ven - geance take ere long. A



un - to such a he - ro, famed For ma - ny deeds of might, The
ci - ty strange doth ope her gate, A strange folk waits for us, So



[Enter PYRRHUS and other Athenians. HIPPOLYTA withdraws slightly with her train.]

THE. [to PYRRHUS]. Thy kindly face I recognize.

PYRRHUS. O welcome, noble Theseus! For seven moons we have desired thee, but heard of thy success, and were content.

THE. Now tell me of my father, and the ship.

PYR. Ah, Theseus! Thou dost bid me wound thy heart.

THE. Say not the ship was lost!

PYR. It safely came to port. The victims gladly hastened to their homes. The people hail thee as their great deliverer.

THE. What then? Deceive me not!

PYR. Thy father daily watched out for thy ship; but when it came with black sails still unfurled, [THESEUS starts] with one great cry he jumped into the sea. That sea shall now be called *Ægæan*.

THE. Ye gods, ye gods! I am a parricide!

PYR. Thou dost reproach thyself unjustly now. An error
grievous sure it was, but still no crime, and thou must not be
blamed.

THE. I shall pollute the city, woe is me!

PYR. The city needs thy strong right arm,—thou art thy
father's heir.

THE. Medea—where is she?

PYR. I can ill brook that thou shouldst speak her name, and
yet I must repeat the deed of shame. She sent a slave conveying
unto thee a vial to be kept till danger's hour, and then from it
thou shouldst find wondrous strength. But ere the slave had
reached the black-sailed ship, her anchor had been weighed, and
thou wert gone. A chance revealed 'twas poison in the vial, &
tumult followed, and Medea fled.

THE. Whither?

PYR. No man knows where.

THE. Ah, what a tale of horror have I heard!

PYR. Arouse thyself, O noble Theseus! Thy people now do
wait to crown thee king.

THE. [*presenting HIPPOLYTA*]. They shall first wed me to Hip-
polyta, in order that she may be crowned queen.

PYR. This will unto the people be good news; the gods look
on ye with most gracious smile.

THE. [*with arms outstretched toward the city*]. O Athens,
hear me pledge myself; Thy places weak shall all be strengthened,
I'll right thy wrongs, maintain thy rights, and make thy name a
power in the land.

[*All sing part of chorus on page 27, beginning "To the
gate."*]

THE. [*with arms uplifted*]. And thou, the patron goddess of
the place, who art by many called Minerva, but called in this
land Athena, ah, thou shalt have the most exalted praise!
Great festivals at times we'll make for thee. The noblest maidens
that the city boasts shall bear, as sail upon a moving ship, a fine
embroidered robe made for Athena; old men shall carry forth the

olive green; the young men shall march swift, and bear their arms; and maids shall go with baskets on their heads, and take the sacred things for sacrifice; all, all, with order due and solemn rites, shall march, and gladly worship power and wisdom.

[*All sing.*]

Steady time.

Great is thy fame, We'll praise thy name, Goddess A - the - na, great goddess so wise!

Fine.

Thee will we praise, Our glad songs raise Un - to A - the - na, great goddess so wise.

THE. Brave Hercules will quickly follow me, with all our troops and all the conquered host; with all our arms and armor, which we left where last we pitched our camp.

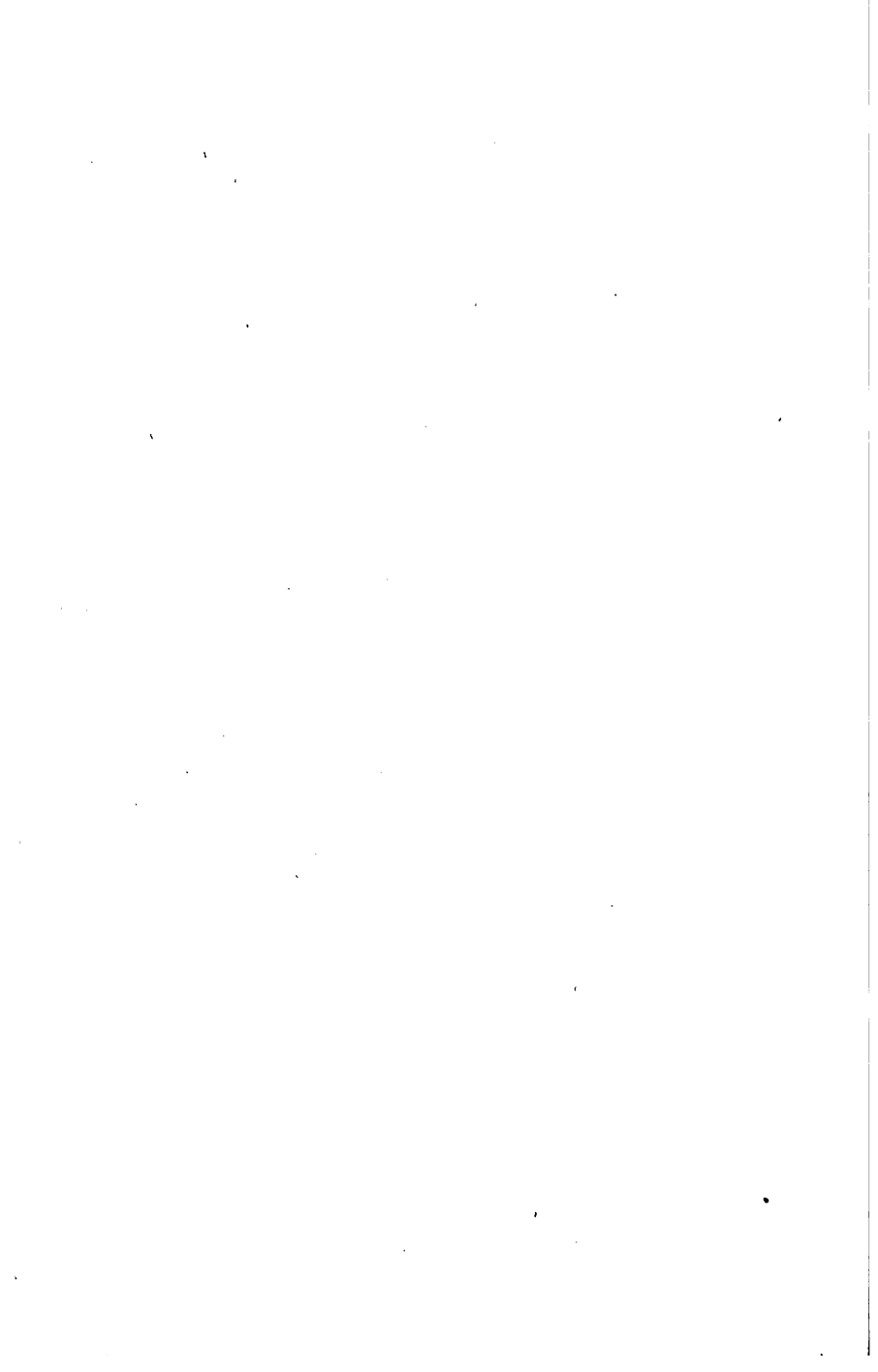
PYR. All shall be made most welcome. Proud the day that brings to us such valiant warriors bold.

THE. [*with enthusiasm*]. Delay no more; proceed unto the gate.

[*March in procession, THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA leading.*]

[*All sing chorus on page 27.*]

CURTAIN.



THE IVY QUEEN

A Cantata for any Number of Girls

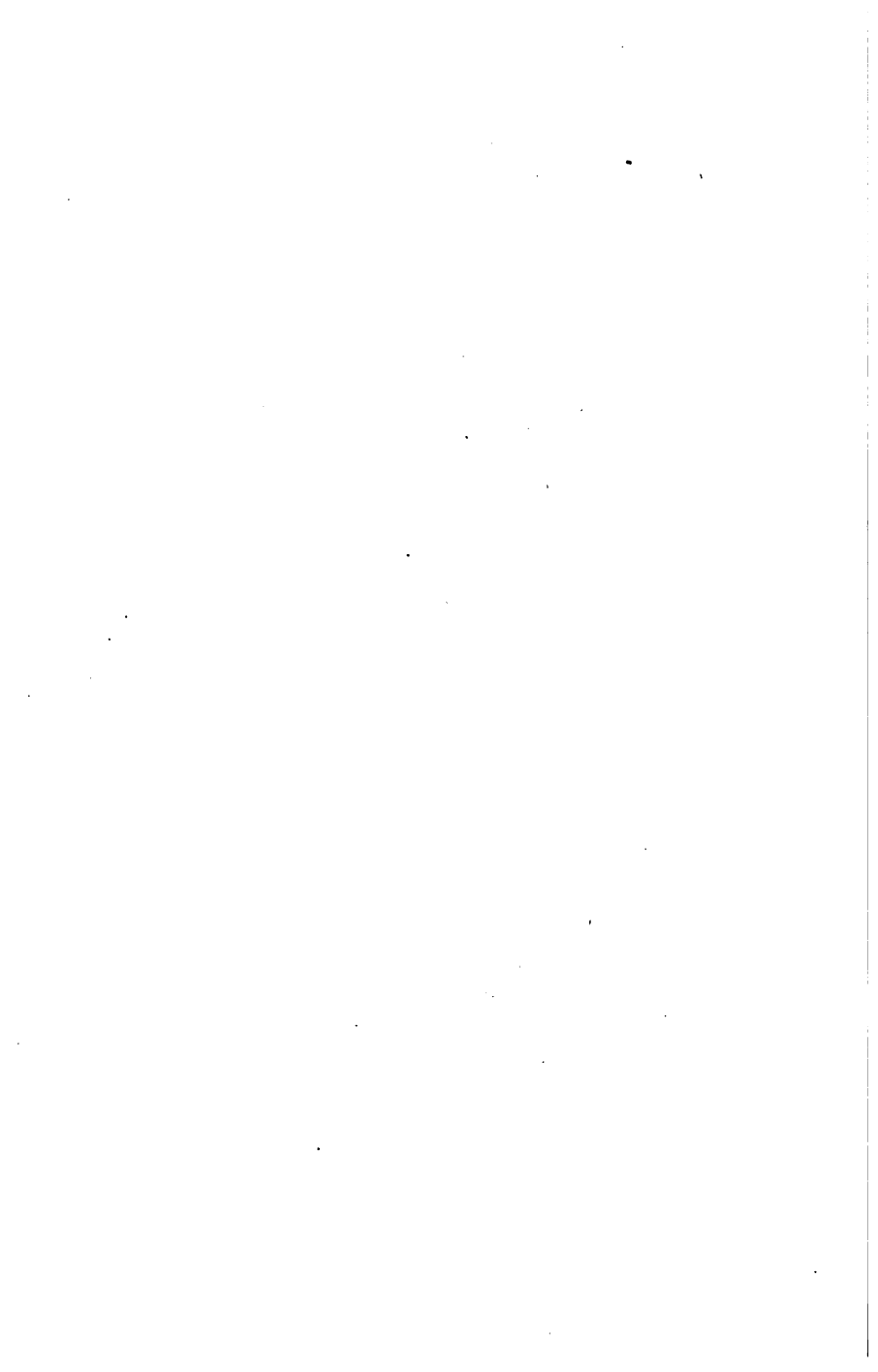
—BY—

MRS. MARY L. GADDESS



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THE IVY QUEEN.

A CANTATA.

BY MRS. MARY L. GADDESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

QUEEN.

MAID OF HONOR.

TWO ATTENDING MAIDS.

ONE VERY LITTLE MAID.

FIFTY MAIDS TO THE IVY.

FOUR BOY HERALDS.

COSTUMES.

Cheese-cloth will answer for the material.

QUEEN: White trailing dress, jewels and ornaments; no gloves or flowers. Her dress should be elegant, and the throne set with care, for fine artistic effect.

HERALDS: Knee-breeches of black velvet; white blouse waist with colored sash; ribbon bows at knees and wands tied with same colored ribbon in long streamers, and a bunch of ivy leaves on end of wand. Two of the Heralds should wear yellow ribbons, and two scarlet.

MAID OF HONOR: A girl about twelve years old, with light flowing hair bound with ivy. She wears pure white dress, with ivy around her waist.

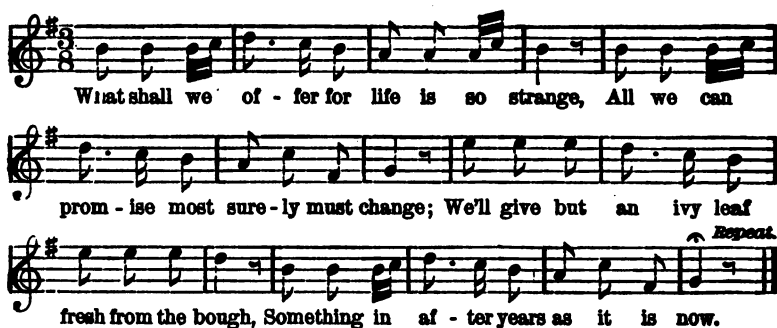
TWO ATTENDING MAIDS: Very small children in pure white dresses and bright ribbons.

ONE VERY LITTLE MAID: White dress, covered thickly with ivy leaves, and a large bunch in her hand.

FIFTY GIRLS: Twenty-five on each side, dressed in white, are the maids to the Ivy.

Music sounds; any brisk march or galop will do. Curtain rises on a throne set quite elaborately; high-backed chair on it and elegant drapery. The maids enter, twenty-five on each side, swinging wreaths to music and singing:

THE IVY QUEEN.



What shall we of - fer for life is so strange, All we can
 prom - ise most sure - ly must change; We'll give but an ivy leaf
 fresh from the bough, Something in af - ter years as it is now. *Repeat.*

Bugle sounds, and a girl steps out from the ranks and recites Prologue.

PROLOGUE.

We, the maids of the Ivy have long been seeking a queen;
 Our heralds are now returning, successful their search has been.
 We shall not ask for flowers or jewels for our queen,
 The one we choose, my sisters, we'll crown with the ivy green.

Maidens all raise wreaths and swing to the last measure.

For a Masonic entertainment, the following verses may be used as a Prologue:

We, the maids of the Ivy, have long been seeking a queen;
 Our heralds are now returning, successful their search has been.
 We'll pledge her our allegiance, and crown her in your sight;
 The "Cantata of the Ivy Queen" is what we bring to-night.

And whether 'neath the stars and stripes, or groves of sunny France
 The Ivy vine her mantle throws, it proves "remembrance."
 It seems another "mystic tie" to bind the world together,
 For Ivy vine, like masonry, lives in all climes and weather.

Girl steps back into place, and all sing to music of the first song, swinging wreaths as before.

THE IVY QUEEN.

3

[Sing.]

What can we tender thee, gifts we have none ;
What to remember us when we are gone ?
We'll give but an ivy wreath ere we shall part,
Something to hide away close to thy heart.

Bugle sounds, and four heralds enter ; march to places by music, and take position on each step of throne ; two tallest on lowest step, smaller ones above. Again bugle sounds, and all sing.

[Sing.]

Come, come, come, when daylight's soft-ly break-ing; Come, come, come, from pleasant dreams a - wak - ing; Come, come, come, all oth - er joys for-sak - ing, Has - ten all to greet the

THE IVY QUEEN.

Queen And the ris-ing sun at morn-ing,.... When the

This system contains the first two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

night.... has fled, With new

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

beau-ty all a - dorn - ing,.... Doth her bright - ness

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

shed. Come, come, come, when daylight's soft - ly

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

break - ing, Come, come, come, from pleas - ant dreams a -

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

THE IVY QUEEN.

5

- wak - ing; Come, come, come, all oth - er joys for -

The first system of musical notation for 'The Ivy Queen'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are '- wak - ing; Come, come, come, all oth - er joys for -'.

- sak - ing, Has - ten all and greet your Queen.

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are '- sak - ing, Has - ten all and greet your Queen.'.

Mai - dens all their youth - ful voi - ces blend - ing,

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Mai - dens all their youth - ful voi - ces blend - ing,'.

Sweet - ly now their joy - ous songs as - cend - ing,

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'Sweet - ly now their joy - ous songs as - cend - ing,'.

In your hon - - or, gen - tle Queen, at - tend - ing,

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are 'In your hon - - or, gen - tle Queen, at - tend - ing,'.

THE IVY QUEEN.

1. 2.

Bring we now the i - vy crown. crown.

Repeat Chorus.

SOLO.

Spring - time will go, and with it her flow - ers,

Sum - mer will pass with sun - shine and show - ers,

An - tumn with dead leaves, and with its bare sheaves,

Win - ter is com - ing to this world of ours....

Chorus,—"Come, come," etc.

The second verse is a solo for soprano or tenor ; the singer steps in front of the others while singing. All join in chorus. During the singing of the second verse the heralds march out to escort in the Queen. She enters, attended by the four heralds, who march in front, and after her follow two little maids, with ivy on their loose-hanging hair, and dresses very liberally trimmed with it. The heralds stand beside throne as Queen takes her seat, and the little maids go up and stand on each side of her. The heralds then take the positions they held before going out for Queen, while the maidens continue the song, "Come, come," as welcome to the Queen. At the end of song the bugle sounds the long call ; or any military call will answer. It must, however, be of a prolonged style. The following will serve the best :



This is repeated three times : first, quite loud ; then softer, and the third time very low and sweet. Either bugle, cornet, or piano will answer. The bugle will sound at the end of the song "Come, come." The singers retire to places, and two maidens come out of the ranks. The first one says, after saluting the Queen, who raises her hand as permission to speak :

1ST MAIDEN. We have brought thee an ivy wreath, only an ivy wreath,
From the land of the rose, where the wild heather grows,
And the violet blossoms in quiet repose.

2D MAIDEN. We'd have brought thee some flowers, some beautiful flowers,

But they would have died, yes, faded and died,
And drooped in an hour, thy beauty beside.
So we bring thee an ivy wreath.

[A third now steps out in the centre of the circle and says:]

3D MAIDEN. We'd have brought thee a jewel, a bright, flashing
jewel,
To rest on thy bosom and sparkle a while ;
But the jewel would pale in the light of thy smile,
And its meteor light would no sorrow beguile.
So we brought thee an ivy wreath.

These return to places, and a gentleman, solo baritone, advances and sings : "A dainty old plant is the ivy green." The first and last verses only are sung, and he retires. Three girls advance to front of stage, and first one says :

1ST MAIDEN. Wilt thou be Queen of the Ivy, the dark glossy
ivy,
That lives in the Winter when snowflakes shall fall ?
The Spring has her blossoms, and Summer fair roses,
But Autumn and Winter have ivy for all,
Like friendship, that lives when the sunshine has left us,
And cheers the sad heart when grief has bereft us.

2D MAIDEN. Oh, be Queen of the Ivy, for it is the token
Of memory's chain that can never be broken.
Be Queen of the Ivy, we'll love thee forever,
And make it thy motto, "Forgotten, no never !"

All salute and fall on knees each side of the throne, holding up wreaths. The four heralds, to the music of a quick march, go

out, two by two, wands held up, and escort in the Maid of Honor. She holds aloft in both hands a crown of ivy, and, stepping in front of throne, between the kneeling maidens, says to Queen :

MAID OF HONOR. The seasons come and the seasons go ;
Raindrops change into flakes of snow.
Springtime daisies die in the sun,
Roses fade when the summer is done ;
But the ivy vine is still the same ;
It is green in the snow ; it is green in the rain ;
It is fresh and bright when the flowers are dead,
And holds aloft its dainty head.
I bring you, sisters [*presenting wreath*], this
wreath of green
To crown the ivy for our Queen.

The first two maidens, kneeling, take wreath from Maid of Honor, and put it on the forehead of Queen, who steps down to receive it, the little Maid of Honor kneeling directly in the centre. The maiden who crowns Queen says :

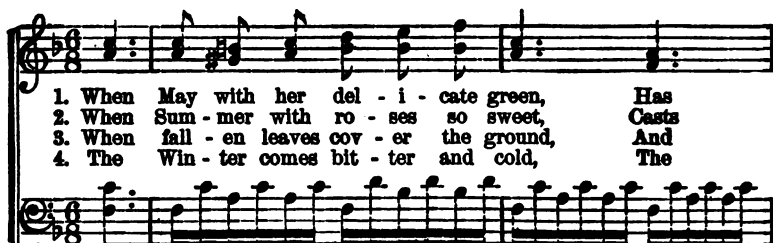
MAIDEN. We offer this ivy wreath, beautiful Queen,
Bright type of our hearts, of true friendship a
part ;
Oh, take it and cherish our names in thy heart.

All then kneel. Bugle sounds a joyous call. Queen, standing, says :

QUEEN. I accept your bright ivy wreath, maidens so fair ;
Will cherish and prize it with tenderest care.
The emblem of memory still it shall be,
For dear to your Queen every maiden shall be.
Rise, join your companions, be happy and gay,
In innocent mirth pass the evening away.

[*Sing.*]

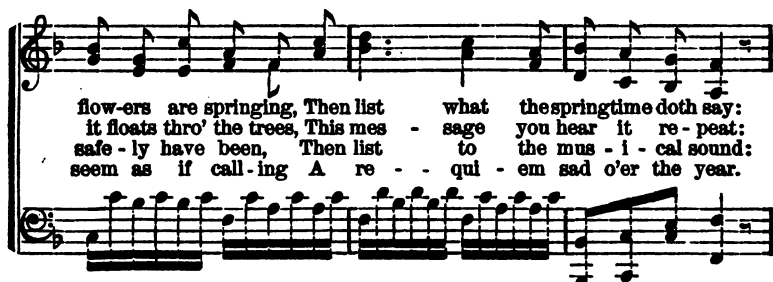
THE IVY QUEEN.



1. When May with her del - i - cate green, Has
 2. When Sum - mer with ro - ses so sweet, Casts
 3. When fall - en leaves cov - er the ground, And
 4. The Win - ter comes bit - ter and cold, The



tint-ed with beauty the scene, The glad birds are singing, The
 perfume and flow'rs at your feet, On its soft balmy breeze, As
 sad - ly the autumn winds sound, The sheaves gather - ed in All
 sheep gather in - to the fold; The snow - flakes are fall - ing And



flow - ers are springing, Then list what the springtime doth say:
 it floats thro' the trees, This mes - sage you hear it re - peat:
 safe - ly have been, Then list to the mus - i - cal sound:
 seem as if call - ing A re - - qui - em sad o'er the year.



All hail! all hail! The I - vy is Queen of the
 All hail! all hail! The I - vy is Queen of the
 All hail! all hail! The I - vy is Queen of the
 All hail! all hail! The I - vy is Queen to the



She takes her seat, crown on head. Music starts. All the maidens salute toward Queen by dipping wreaths with a slow, graceful motion; all stand in former positions. When song is ended, a lady in full dress, wearing ivy leaves on head and bosom, comes forward and recites :

READER. Count me on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze ;
Count me on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep.
Then when you have numbered these—
Billowy tides and leafy trees—
Go out on the silvery sand
Where old Ocean kisses land,
Seeking for the tinted shell
That, forever singing, tells
Stories of those caverns deep,
Where the mermaids vigils keep.

Then reckon over quite a score
Of things we love so much the more—
Roses and pansies, velvet-eyed,
That bud and blossom by your side,
Daisies and cowslips, wet with dew,
And flowers old and flowers new.

A garland rich and rare to see,
And all as fair, as fair can be.
But storms will blight in one short hour.
A summer gust, a passing shower,
And nothing's left but withered leaves,
Scattered and shaken by the breeze.

But, climbing up the old gray wall,
And clinging to its pillars tall,
The Ivy changes not its sheen
'Mid summer suns or winter keen.
Sturdy and strong, yet dainty, too,
Ah! what name shall be given you?
We'll call thee Queen of all the rest,
For, after all, we love thee best.
You cover many a humble place
With a rare loveliness and grace,
And throw thy mantle o'er the spot
Where sleep the loved and unforgot.

Remembrance is the boon that's given
To link mortality to heaven;
So, Ivy, we will pluck thy leaves
To make our maidens dainty wreaths;
And ask no jewels for our Queen,
But crown her with thy emerald green.
Hail to the Ivy! Loved the best,
The Queen we choose from all the rest.

Lady retires, and music begins in a quick galop time. Maidens, holding wreaths aloft, cross over, clasp hands, salute Queen, then each other. Next couple follows, till all have saluted. Form an arch, the first pair standing now at bottom of line. First pair march up centre; as they start they drop wreaths, and all the line hold wreaths over heads to form arch. As couple after couple enter arch they drop their wreaths. Reaching throne, they courtesy to Queen and to each other. The one on the right turns

to left, and the one on the left to right, and, single file, pass to end of stage, opposite corners. Then join hands and form solid column to front. Count six, wreaths up; six, wreaths right hand; six, in left hand; six, both hands in front; six, both hands aloft; six, drop wreaths on right arms; join hands. Ends stand still; centre glides back, forming half moon. The 1st, 4th, 7th, and 10th maidens, counting from end of stage where leaders now stand, will each turn to right, and courtesy to 3d, 6th, 9th, and 12th maidens, who stand with wreaths up, and bow low to them, the 2d, 5th, 8th, and 11th on each side swinging wreaths all the while. This brings all into movement as the rest bow low. The fifty maidens now are in line. The first twelve on each side, with wreaths hanging on arms, advance and go through the cotillon movement of ladies' chain. The remaining twelve on each side form two rings, and go around, to the music, three times each way; right and left; all back to places at the last movement. Left side now stands still. Right side passes in and out, after crossing over. Reaching the end, they form an entire ring, and, as they take first positions, drop out into places, and march four abreast, the 2d line holding wreaths over 1st line, 4th over 3d, 6th over 5th, 8th over 7th, 10th over 9th, 12th over 11th line. Four abreast they march to front, turn and back in front of Queen. First line kneels, and 2d line stands, holding wreaths over their heads, and so on all down the line. If space enough is left between the lines when all are in place, those who have been holding wreaths drop them on arms, and form a circle around kneeling maids. After turning around in a circle four times, they salute Queen, bowing to the floor. Rising, they all march back to places, single file. All stand in two straight lines. Bugle sounds, and all drop on knee looking to the Queen. A very little girl (as small as it is possible to train for the part) enters dressed in white, her whole dress covered thickly with ivy leaves, her hands full of them. She goes to the front of stage, between the lines of kneeling girls, and recites:

Flowers from the wild wood
 Gladly we'd bring you,
 To scatter fragrance 'round you to-night;
 Hearts lightly beating,
 Smiles sweetly greeting,
 May your to-morrow be just as bright.

THE IVY QUEEN.

But we at parting
Would leave some token
Of this bright evening
And the words spoken.

Brightest of roses
Droop ere the morning,
Wither above the brows
They're adorning.

So we would give you
Something to cherish ;
Take, then, these ivy leaves,
They will not perish.

Scatters her leaves all about her, and stands still till the music of some popular piece (the favorite in the locality where the "Ivy Queen" is given) is played. The Queen steps down on first step of throne. This is the signal for the maidens to rise and hold wreaths aloft. The four heralds go first, then Maid of Honor, then Queen ; following her, the two little maids. The rest follow two by two. When they reach the front of stage they are led by the little Ivy Maid who recited last. They march around twice, then in single file, and out in the same way.

If encored, curtain rises a moment to find Queen on throne and all kneeling around her, as in last position. Great beauty of effect is attained by having the movements done quickly, yet gracefully.

REVELS OF THE QUEEN OF MAY AND HER FAIRIES

A Cantata for Forty-five Girls

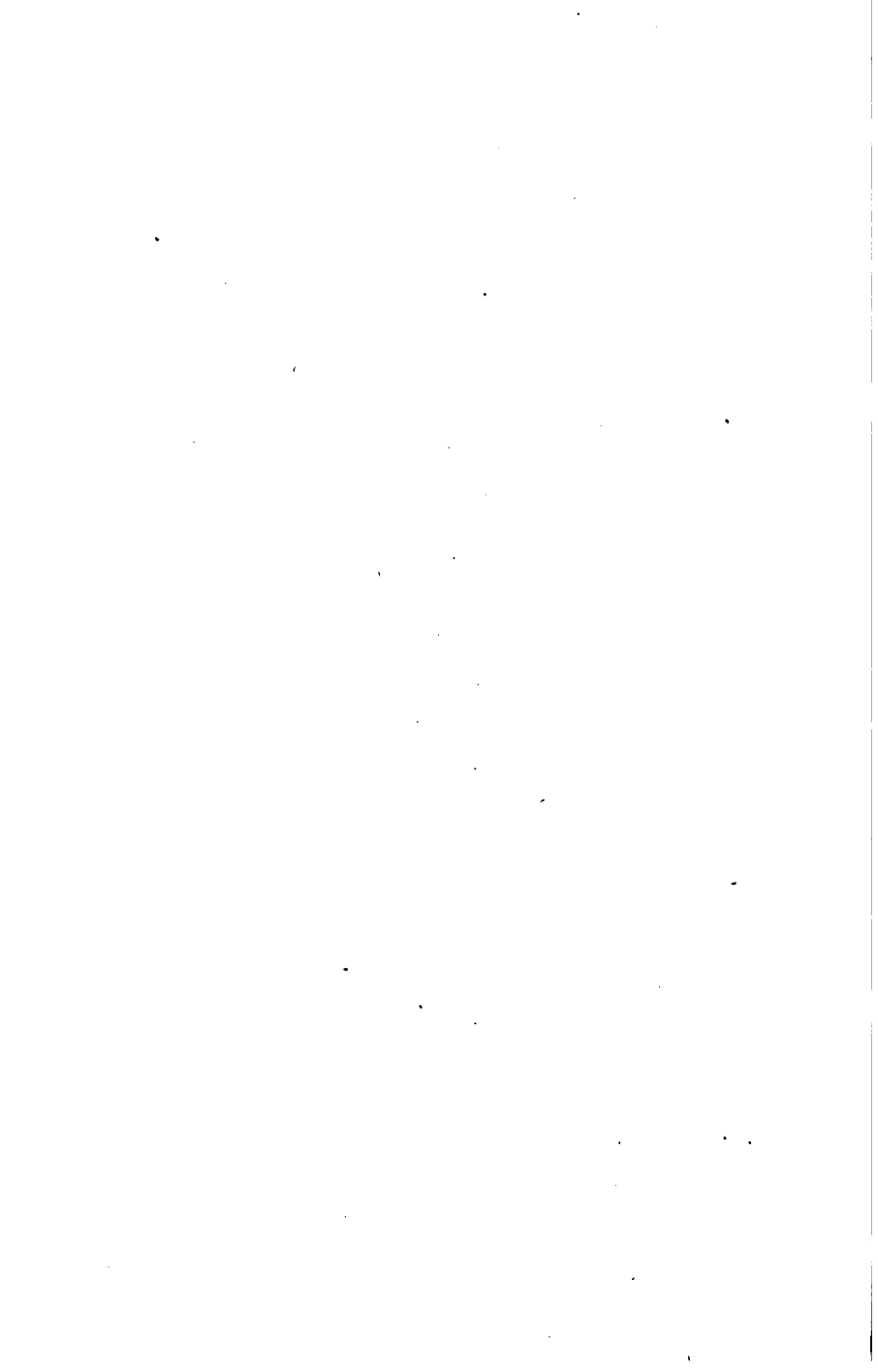
BY

MRS. MARY L. GADDESS



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REVELS

OF

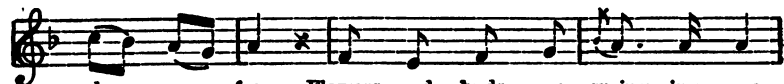
The Queen of May and Her Fairies.

BY MRS. MARY L. GADDESS.

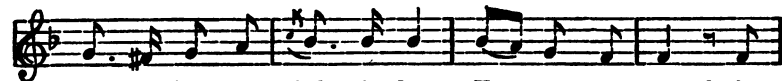
Required 45 girls and 1 boy. The girls are dressed, 1 in dark green, 2 in yellowish green, 3 in pale pink, 3 in violet, 3 in gold, 3 in pale blue, 3 in orange, 3 in deep blue, 3 in deep pink, and 1 as the fairy Queen of May in pure white tulle, with white satin bodice. The dress should be made with 3 or 4 skirts of the tulle very full, and arranged so as to fall one over the other; low gathered neck, fastened across shoulders with clasps. The hair of the Queen is flowing, and a veil of tulle is held in place by a coronet of gilt with a large glittering star in front. Pale blue silk stockings and white slippers complete the toilet. She carries a wand of gold, with flowers on the top, fastened in the form of a small wreath. The song "Joyous springtime" is sung before the curtain rises.



1. Joy - ous spring - time comes a - pace, Win - ter hides his
2. Charming May must be our Queen, And the love - liest



gloom - y face, Flowers and buds are spring - ing gay,
ev - er seen, Cast your wreaths be - fore her feet,



All things keep a hol - i - day, Yes, yes, yes, yes, Spring,
Sure - ly 'tis an offer - ing meet, Yes, yes, yes, yes, To

2 *REVELS OF THE QUEEN OF MAY AND HER FAIRIES.*



love - ly Spring is here, Spring, love - ly Spring is here.
May, our love - ly May, May is our Queen, our Queen.

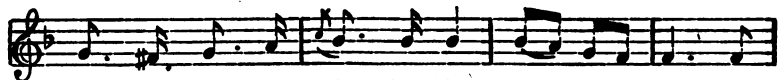
CHORUS.



Gath - er flow - ers, bright and gay, For it is not



al - ways May; Cro - cus, jon - quill, dai - sies, too,



Pan - sies and the vio - lets blue, Gather them all, yes,



all, yes, all,

SCENE 1.

As the curtain rises, a May-pole is in the center of stage, and 24 ribbons of varied colors are attached to it. A girl in pale-colored satin or silk holds the end of each line (24 girls in all) and all are singing "I've heard of twelve sisters."



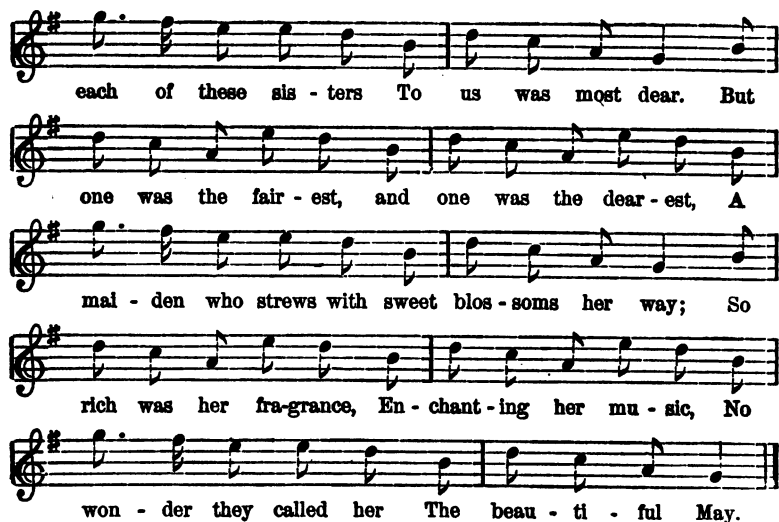
I've heard of twelve sis - ters, Fair nymphs ev - er love - ly, Who



each ruled a moon in the beau - ti - ful year; Some



scat - tered fair flow - ers, Some fruit in her sea - son, But



each of these sis - ters To us was most dear. But
 one was the fair - est, and one was the dear - est, A
 mal - den who strews with sweet blos - soms her way; So
 rich was her fra-grance, En - chant - ing her mu - sic, No
 won - der they called her The beau - ti - ful May.

Instead of ribbon, four yards of cambric can be cut into strips each four yards long. The pole should be 9 feet high, the strings fastened at the top, and the pole firmly fastened to the floor, or pulling these strings will loosen it. While dancing around this pole, the cornet or bugle sounds, and the May Queen, from fairy-land, appears attended by 20 little girls dressed in gold-colored satin, pointed bodice, low-necked, short sleeves, and white tulle skirts (at least 3, to set out very full). A fringe of buttercups is on dress, a basket on arm full of them, and big wreaths on head; white stockings and yellow shoes. If hair is in long plaits, tie with yellow satin ribbon. 5 must wear this dress and represent buttercups. 5 more must represent Spring and wear pale-green tulle skirts, pure white satin bodice, with a fringe of grass around the low neck, the short sleeves and the bottom of dress. Daisies and grasses in hair, which is loose and tied with colored ribbon and daisies; low white shoes and stockings. 5 more represent violets, and wear white tulle dresses and white satin bodice, with wreaths of violets around the low neck, a crown of these flowers in the hair and a basket full of them tied to the side with violet satin ribbon; violet stockings and white shoes. The other 5 will

4 REVELS OF THE QUEEN OF MAY AND HER FAIRIES.

dress for pansies and forget-me-nots, 2 in pale-blue satin bodice and white tulle skirts, trimmed with forget-me-nots and yellow pansies; the 3 others will have deep ruby-purple satin bodice and white tulle skirts, purple stockings and yellow shoes; dress and hair trimmed with deep purple pansies. Each carries a gilt wand, on the top of which is a small wreath of the flowers they represent. They dance around the Queen as she waves her wand, and her attendants march back and forth, in and out between the 24 girls, who hold the silken strings, singing, as they go :



1. We come from the woodlands, We come from the for - est, And



2. Oh, May, month most love - ly, Oh, Queen the most charming, We



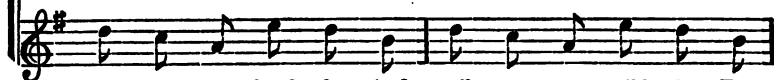
bring you fresh vi - o - lets spark - ling with dew, With



wel - come thee glad - ly with laugh - ter and song, Oh,



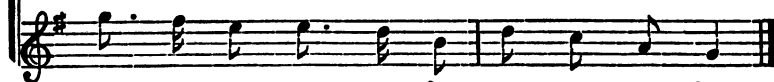
but - ter - cups, daf - fo - dils, Pan - sies, for - get - me - nots,



stay with us kind - ly, And smile on us mild - ly, For



Beau - ti - ful May is the Queen of the year.



May - days can nev - er be wea - ry or long.

While they still sing, the curtain falls ; the Queen, surrounded by her maids of honor, and the rest singing. The number can be curtailed, if desired, to 12 girls around the May-pole and 12 ribbons, and 5 maids instead of 20 dressed for the flowers.

SCENE 2.

When the curtain rises there is a throne. The Queen of May is sitting on it with wand in hand. In front of throne stands a boy about 10 years old in white satin and gold, a white hat with long plumes, star on his breast, and a silver whistle or small bugle. After the curtain rises he blows a call, and the girls, who in the previous scene had been around the pole, come skipping in with wreaths of flowers in their hands and scatter them about stage, forming rings and seeming to be enjoying the May-day. After that, come in the maids of honor, tripping gaily, and gather around the throne of Queen. After all are in place, the Queen says:

QUEEN.—Welcome, maids of honor,
 Tell me do you bring
 Breath of spring and summer?
 Be happy, dance, and sing.
 Have the birds come with you?
 Why do they delay?
 All things bright and happy
 Should love the month of May.

Sound the call ! [*call sounds*] let Music
 Breathe her sweetest strain ;
 Flowers and birds and children
 Join in the refrain.
 Youth should be all gladness,
 The year is young to-day,
 So banish thoughts of sadness,
 On this your festal day.

After the call is sounded, the Boy Herald advances before the Queen, and she walks down toward the front of stage and waves her wand. Those dancing around in circles, stop and come near, to

6 *REVELS OF THE QUEEN OF MAY AND HER FAIRIES.*

hear what she says. The May-pole is on one side beyond the throne and the strings all hang loosely. The Queen says:

QUEEN.—Heigh-ho ! Daisies and Buttercups,
Tell us, what say you ?
Ye should be living preachers,
Faithful and earnest teachers
Of the beautiful and true.

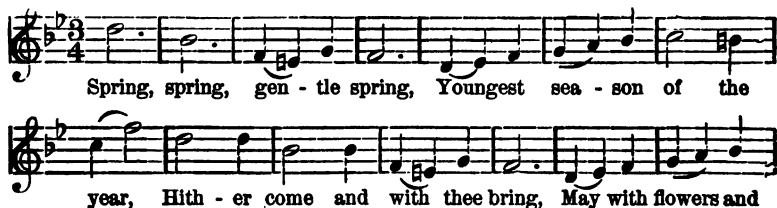
Daisies and Buttercups stand before Queen. The 10 dressed to represent these flowers all stand together, but only one speaks. Daisies, Buttercups and Spring make but 10, as Spring wears daisies. Spring speaks :

SPRING.—On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
My humble buds unheeded rise ;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay and quick succession shine,
And one by one their honors yield ;
They flourish and decline.

Dear Queen, we bloom in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair ;
We smile in many a humble face,
And blossom everywhere.

The Queen touches the speaker with her wand, and the rest dance round the May-pole and sing :



smiles and tears. Hand in hand we dance to-day, Bent on
keep-ing hol-i-day, With thy dai-sy di-a-dem,
And thy robe of deep-est green, Spring, spring, we wel-come thee a -
- gain, And you've ev - er wel - come been. Spring, spring,
gen - tle spring, Youngest sea - son of the year, Life and
joy to na - ture bring, Na - ture's dar - ling May is here.

Then the Violets advance, and the Queen touches them with her wand as she says :

QUEEN.—Modest little Violets,
What have you to say ?
Dainty, sweet and delicate,
You perish in a day.
You're far too sweet and lovely
To fade and die so soon,
Your life has but a morning,
You see no afternoon.
Speak, modest little darlings,
We love your face so well

That were it in our power
 We'd work for you some spell.
 Say, shall the May Queen wish you
 A longer life to live?
 What would be your petition
 Had we a boon to give?

VIOLET.—Yes, Queen, we're very fragile,
 Our lives are but a span;
 And yet we do our duty
 As faithful as we can,
 And leave a lingering perfume,
 So no one may forget
 That lived and bloomed among them
 A little violet.

We are contented ; gladly
 We fill our humble lot,
 Throwing a gracious perfume
 O'er many a lowly spot.
 We only ask that ever
 The violet may be,
 Dear Queen of May, the emblem
 Of love and modesty.

The Queen puts out her hand to the Violet and says, all five standing before her listening to the reply :

QUEEN.—I grant your boon most gladly;
 Lift up your dainty head,
 And when you are forgotten,
 The springtime will be dead.

All the others dance around May-pole and sing to same music as on page 6.

Spring, Spring, gentle Spring,
 'Neath thy balmy vernal showers
Flow'rets blow and birdies sing,
 Through the long, long happy hours,
Daffodils and violets blue,
 Every tender gift is thine.
Forget-me-nots with eyes so blue,
 Roses that with woodbine twine,
Pimpernel and sweet wild thyme,
Haste to greet thy gifts sublime.

Spring, Spring, gentle Spring,
 Youngest season of the year,
Life and joy to nature bring;
 Nature's darling, haste thee here.

Then the Forget-me-nots come forward to the Queen and she says:

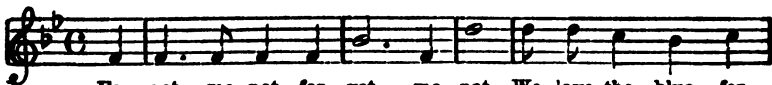
QUEEN.—Forget-me-nots they call you,
 Your eyes are heaven's own blue;
I cull you with a mute caress.
More fit for angel hands to press;
You seem a fair-eyed, tender toy,
To bloom awhile and give us joy,
Then droop your heads and fade away;
And yet your pleading faces say,
 Forget-me-not.

Say, tell me, dainty darlings, why
We should remember you, or try.
What have you done? Speak, if you will,
Or if you cannot, then be still,
And only lift your eyes so blue,
That seem so tender and so true;
And, rest assured, whate'er your lot,
That you will never be forgot.

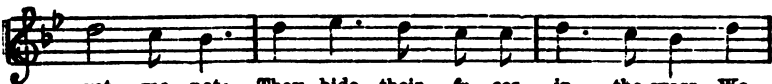
The Forget-me-nots come forward and one says :

FORGET-ME-NOT.—May Queen, fairy May Queen,
 We are not like the rest ;
 The loveliest flowers are round you,
 The choicest and the best.
 We are only woodland blossoms,
 And hidden far away ;
 We simply do our duty
 In blooming day by day.
 Yet it would be a pleasure,
 In our more humble lot,
 To know, dear fairy May Queen,
 We shall not be forgot.

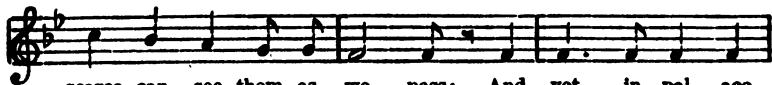
The Queen touches them with her wand and they step back,
 while those around the pole dance and sing.



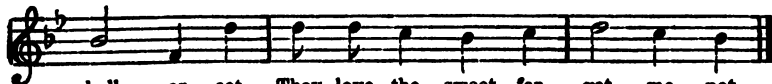
For - get - me - not, for - get - me - not, We love the blue for -
 Shy lit - tle flower, so sweet and fair, That seems to flour - ish



- get - me - not; They hide their fa - ces in the grass, We
 eve - ry - where, Fit em - blem thou of mod - est worth, The



scarce can see them as we pass; And yet, in pal - ace
 rar - est, pur - est thing on earth; How - ev - er hum - ble



hall, or cot, They love the sweet for - get - me - not.
 be thy lot, We en - vy thee, for - get - me - not.

Then the Pansies step up beside the Forget-me-nots, and the Queen says:

QUEEN.—Pretty flowers they call Heartsease,
Speak! We'll call thee pansies,
You seem like some remembered face
Which, as a blessing, filled the place.
We softly touch your velvet cheeks,
We press your lips; you do not speak,
And yet, somehow, you seem to say:
"I bring you Heartsease with the May."

The Pansies and Forget-me-nots are now standing side by side before the Queen, and to her right stands the Herald. The maidens who have been singing around the pole link arms or join hands, and trip up and form a circle, or, rather, a half-moon behind the Queen, the Queen, Herald, Pansies and Forget-me-nots in the centre. One of the Pansies says:

PANSY.—There be those who sow beside
Waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no footprint will declare
That any ever wandered there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
The stream flows on as yesterday;
Nor can it for a time be seen
A benefactor there has been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread.
It lives, it lives, and spring is nigh,
And soon its life will testify.

So with the Heartsease, gentle Queen,
It hath a velvet touch, I ween,
To soothe the heart, oppressed with pain,
And bring it back its peace again.

"Pansies for thoughts," the poets say,
 But sweeter, far, our name to-day—
 "Heartsease." We ask no boon but this—
 To heal life's anguish by a kiss.

They drop on their knees before the Queen while she stoops over them, and says :

QUEEN.—The boon is granted, as you please ;
 Pansies no longer, but Heartsease.

Queen touches each Forget-me-not and Pansy, and walks back to throne attended by them and the Herald. All others follow and stand around the throne, while the Pansies and Forget-me-nots ascend the throne and stand beside the Queen, Pansies on right, Forget-me-nots on left. All the other maids of honor dip their wands and lay wreaths of flowers, buttercups, daisies and violets, at the feet of the Queen, Pansies and Forget-me-nots. The Queen says :

QUEEN.—But see ! the summer comes apace ;
 To other flowers you must give place.
 The Queen of all, the Rose, is here,
 Alike in every season dear.

Sweet, dainty maids, I must dismiss
 You quickly, ere the sun's rays kiss
 Your tender bloom. Nay ! Heartsease, stay !
 We cannot let you pass away.

Forget-me-nots and Violets, too,
 May lose their perfume and their hue ;
 The others that we love so well,
 Fade with the springtime ; yet they tell—

In closing up their life's brief day—
 Of coming back some other May.
 But Heartsease, through the whole year long,
 Shall make our lives as one glad song.

The Queen lifts her wand and all fall on knees, holding up, in graceful positions, the flowers they represent; Heartsease on the throne beside the Queen, who holds over her her wand as if protecting her to the end.

QUEEN.—And now, farewell! our brief bright day
In mirth and song has passed away.
Sweet flowers, good-night! The young May moon
Will brighten all the landscape soon;
I'll meet you then upon the green,
To form a fairy ring, I ween.

Come, Daffodil and Buttercup, [*pointing to each*]
And of the early Maydew sup;
While Violets and Arbutus sweet,
Shall shed their perfume at your feet.
The Pansies and Forget-me-nots
Will add their beauty to the spot,
And sprinkled all about the grass,
Daisies will greet us as we pass.

Come, fairies, come! in the soft moonlight,
We will dance and sing this sweet May night.
Away! Away! Away!

Thus standing, the curtain falls. Any bright music can be played.

But a few moments are required to remove pole, while the girls have ready wreaths to be used in the fairy ring in scene 3.

SCENE 3.

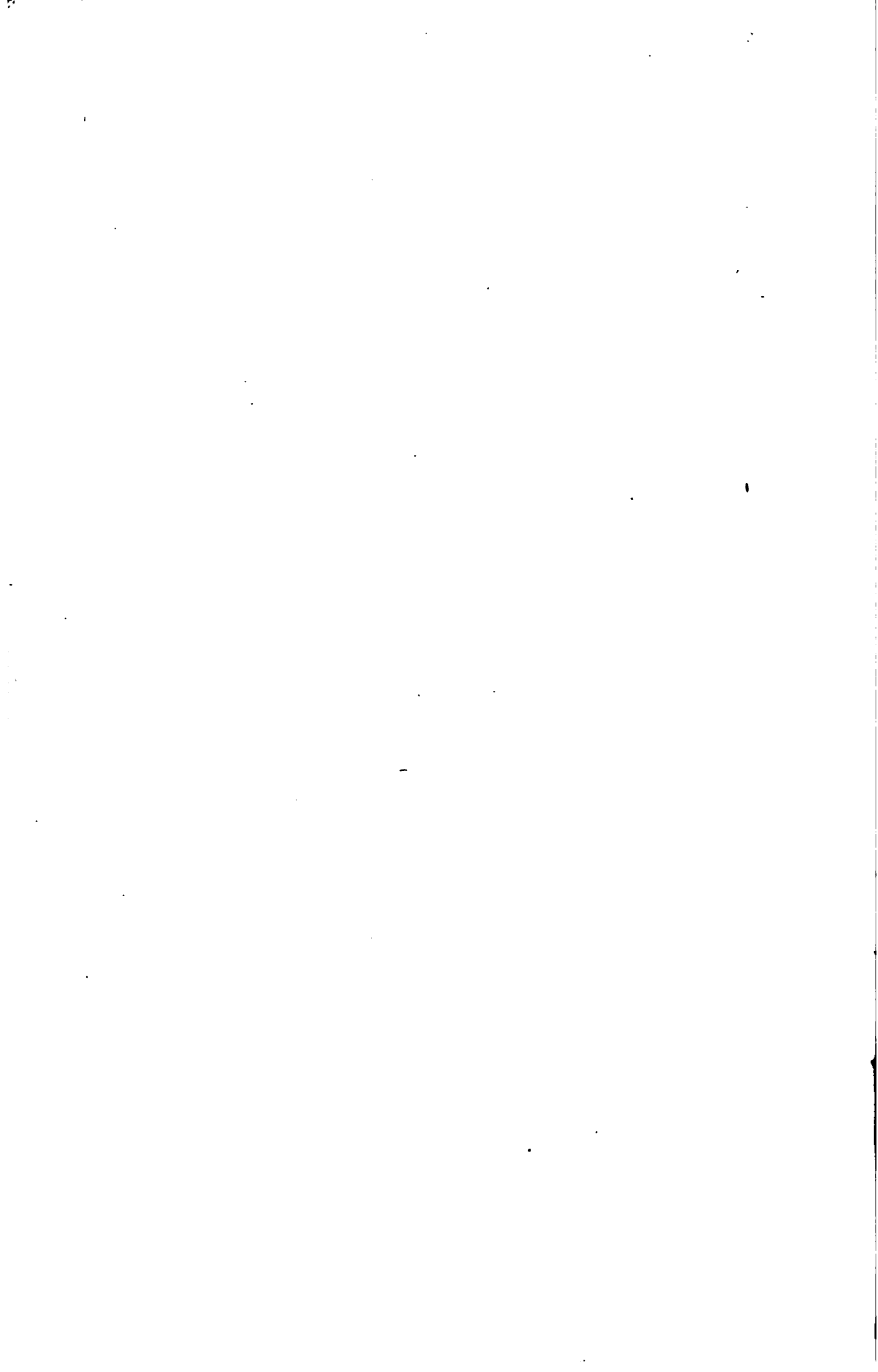
Curtain rises to find Queen seated with crown of flowers on head, and all her maids seated about the throne in various positions, the Pansies and Forget-me-nots nearest the Queen. All the girls may lie in a half circle around on the grass (that will be simply a green drugget). They lie with the head of one against the waist of the one above, thus forming a ring with throne in centre. The Boy Herald enters and springs over the sleeping or resting maids,

14 *REVELS OF THE QUEEN OF MAY AND HER FAIRIES.*

sounds his whistle, and all spring up and are found to have half wreaths of flowers that they circle round and toss back and forth over heads while a bright music is playing. Then they drop down on floor in places as the Herald again whistles; the Queen raises her wand, and the curtain falls on the last scene of the "Revels of the Fairy Queen of May."







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